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VOL. CCLXXVI

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IN LADY STREET.

All day long the traffic goes
 In Lady Street by dingy rows
 Of sloven houses, tattered shops—
 Fried fish, old clothes and fortune-
 tellers—
 Tall trams on silver-shining rails,
 With grinding wheels and swaying
 tops,
 And lorries with their corded bales,
 And screeching cars. "Buy, buy!" the
 sellers
 Of rags and bones and sickening meat
 Cry all day long in Lady Street.

And when the sunshine has its way
 In Lady Street, then all the grey
 Dull desolation grows in state
 More dull and grey and desolate,
 And the sun is a shamefast thing,
 A lord not comely-housed, a god
 Seeing what gods must blush to see,
 A song where it is ill to sing,
 And each gold ray spiteously
 Lies like a gold ironic rod.

Yet one grey man in Lady Street
 Looks for the sun. He never bent
 Life to his will, his traveling feet
 Have scaled no cloudy continent,
 Nor has the sickle-hand been strong.
 He lives in Lady Street; a bed,
 Four cobwebbed walls.

But all day long
 A time is singing in his head
 Of youth in Gloucester lanes. He hears
 The wind among the barley-blades,
 The tapping of the woodpeckers
 On the smooth beeches, thistle-spades
 Slicing the sinewy roots; he sees
 The hooded filberts in the copse
 Beyond the loaded orchard trees,
 The netted avenues of hops;
 He smells the honeysuckle thrown
 Along the hedge. He lives alone,
 Alone—yet not alone, for sweet
 Are Gloucester lanes in Lady Street.

Aye. Gloucester lanes. For down
 below
 The cobwebbed room this grey man
 plies
 A trade, a colored trade. A show
 Of many-colored merchandise
 Is in his shop. Brown filberts there,
 And apples red with Gloucester air,

And cauliflowers he keeps, and round
 Smooth marrows grown on Gloucester
 ground,
 Fat cabbages and yellow plums,
 And gaudy brave chrysanthemums,
 And times a glossy pheasant lies
 Among his store, not Tyrian dyes
 More rich than are the neck-feathers;
 And times a prize of violets,
 Or dewy mushrooms satin-skinned,
 And times an unfamiliar wind
 Robbed of its woodland favor stirs
 Gay daffodils this grey man sets
 Among his treasure.

All day long

In Lady Street the traffic goes
 By dingy houses, desolate rows
 Of shops that stare like hopeless eyes.
 Day long the sellers cry their cries,
 The fortune-tellers tell no wrong
 Of lives that know not any right,
 And drift, that has not even the will
 To drift, toils through the day until
 The wage of sleep is won at night.
 But this grey man heeds not at all
 The hell of Lady Street. His stall
 Of many-colored merchandise
 He makes a shining paradise,
 As all day long chrysanthemums
 He sells and red and yellow plums
 And cauliflowers. In that one spot
 Of Lady Street the sun is not
 Ashamed to shine and send a rare
 Shower of color through the air;
 The grey man says the sun is sweet
 On Gloucester lanes in Lady Street.

John Drinkwater.

The Fortnightly Review.

NOTRE DAME.

The white clouds linger near thy
 stately towers
 As wistful thoughts round some for-
 gotten theme;
 Sorrows that lived, and brave, impas-
 sioned hours
 That died, are lost, and all things
 holy seem;
 Like a sweet tale half-told,
 Vague, magical murmur of a se-
 cret old,
 The voice of the world is hushed to
 the song of a dream.

The Academy.

R.

THE DRAMA OF THE BALKANS AND ITS CLOSING SCENES.

Never, perhaps, on the stage of history has such a complete transformation scene been enacted in so short a time. Within the space of a single month we have seen the armies of an undreamed of Alliance sweep from the Danube and the Balkan lines to the Adriatic, the Ægean, the Sea of Marmora, almost to the gates of Constantinople. Thrace, Macedonia, Old Serbia, Epirus, a large part of Northern Albania, are already within their grasp. An Empire that had held in thrall some of the finest provinces of Europe for over five centuries has been overturned throughout that area in less than that number of weeks. Great armies have melted away. The whole administration has collapsed. The Ottoman as a European ruler has departed. And all this, not as the flow of a tide that may ebb to-morrow, but fatally, finally, without a prospect of return.

Consider for a moment only a few of the historic landmarks that have been reclaimed for European civilization. The birthplaces of Alexander and Justinian have ceased to be in Asiatic keeping. The possibilities of future development are at every point reflected by the historic remains of a long roll of ancient sites and cities freed at last from the Turkish incubus:—Nikopolis, near Prevesa, the triumphal foundation of Augustus, which might be described as the Roman capital of Greece, Pella (by Vodena): the royal city of Macedonian kings: Thessalonica, the bulwark against Goth and Slav, the Roman metropolis of Illyricum: Amphipolis, the colonial emporium of Athens, at the mouth of the Strymon, recalling the great commercial importance of that line of intercourse. From the historic fields of Philippî beyond, we

are taken to the range of Pangæus near, the Thracian Eldorado, and further still along the Ægean Coast to the site of Ænos, at the mouth of the Hebrus (now the Maritza), once a wealthy and highly civilized city. Adrianople, the foundation of Hadrian, takes precedence of Stamboul itself as the first capital of the Ottoman Turks in Europe. At Prespa and Ochrida, on the other hand, on the north-western outskirts of Macedonia, we find the chosen seats of the great Bulgarian Tsar Samuel; at Uskub and Prizzen, the royal cities of the Serbian Emperors; at Detchani, their crowning-place. Turning south again we see Mount Athos, with the Holy Places, not only of the Greek but of the Slavonic world, restored once more to Hellenic sovereignty. Island after island of the Ægean has been similarly reclaimed to Mother Hellas, and by the final union of Crete to Greece, now uncontestedly established, the cradle of European civilization is definitely restored to the European system.

To one whose experiences of the Balkan lands go back over forty years, and who has watched as an actual spectator the successive acts of the historic drama, the recent events bring an overwhelming sense of relief. True, the immediate spectacle is full of horrors, beyond the incidents of ordinary war. Here and there atrocious butcheries have been perpetrated by the retreating hordes, nor will it be surprising to learn that savage reprisals have in places been committed by the victorious side. Great as they may be, these evils are of a temporary kind. But the permanent terror that brooded over Macedonia and its borderlands, the recurring possibilities of massacre and outrage wreaked on a de-

fenceless population has passed away like an evil dream. It is something to have lived to see this day.

The writer of these lines has seen the long Bulgarian bank of the Danube under Turkish domination, and Sofia itself, to-day a modern capital, a mouldering Turkish township, with an ever dwindling population. When he first visited Belgrade, a small red flag, the emblem of Ottoman suzerainty, still floated over its citadel, just as a similar flag, almost to the present moment, continued to float over an islet off the coast of Crete. When in 1875, after an earlier glimpse of that part of the peninsula, he made his way on foot across Bosnia and Herzegovina, the wretched rayahs of those provinces were still groaning under the double yoke of feudal Mohammedan lords, and of the corrupt agents of the Stamboul government. Archaeological researches led to similar exploration, year in and year out, of the inmost nooks of Old Serbia, or what till lately passed as the Sanjak of Novipazar and the Vilayet of Kossovo, as well as of the greater part of Macedonia beyond. It need only be said that the debased condition of the inhabitants and the material decay of the whole country were continually brought out into greater relief by the remains of their ancient prosperity. Traces are still visible of the ancient roads and stations that in Roman times gave unity to Illyricum. The whole country is studded by the still existing memorials of mediæval Empire, Serbian, Bulgarian, Byzantine, mainly exemplified by the fine churches, often reduced to mere shells, but in many cases adorned with frescoes, among which occur a long series of representations of royal and imperial benefactors.

Many of the interior ranges are rich in minerals, especially silver, and here, in the Middle Ages, rose a series of prosperous mining towns. Colonies of

Saxon miners were settled in these, by the wise policy of the native rulers, and their markets were thronged by Ragusan merchants, who opened to commerce the lands between the Adriatic and the Lower Danube. The principal of the mining communities was the important city of Novobrdó, somewhat east of Pristina, the silver mines of which supplied the Serbian mint with a currency that successfully competed with that of Venice, and drew down on "him of Rascia" the anathema of Dante. The capture of Novobrdó by Mahomet II. in 1455 was felt as a disaster, not only in the Balkan lands, but throughout Hungary and Italy. Its mining population was transported to Constantinople! In its turn the Ottoman garrison has finally dwindled away. The Church of the Saxon "burghers," converted into a mosque, has fallen into ruin; and, except for a few Turkish huts, the whole site of this thriving industrial city—at one time the most important in the whole Balkan interior—has become a wilderness. Other scenes of mining industry in the same region, like those near Karatovo, are simply marked by heaps of overgrown scoriae. But the picture of ruin is universal. Throughout the whole of these Illyrian lands, roads, bridges, aqueducts, the old channels of irrigation, the dams that kept back flood waters, the most indispensable works of civilized engineering, have all alike been suffered to decay. The evils of Turkish dominion are almost as conspicuous in what it has failed to do as in what it has done.

In viewing this almost universal ruin and stagnation, it is little short of astounding to find that one of the chief supports of Asiatic rule in Europe has been cosmopolitan finance. We have seen more than one of the embassies at Constantinople turned into a kind of agency of bondholders and concession-mongers. We have even been told

that the *status quo* in Turkey was so vital to the interests of the "national fortune," and of the *petite épargne* of some of our neighbors, that there was no room left for any practical sympathy with its victims. That the groans of butchered Macedonians or Armenians should appeal to deaf ears is one thing, but how explain this concerted endeavor to prop up an administration, the very existence of which rendered any real industrial development an impossibility? Perhaps the reason is not far to seek. A healthy organism that may shake him off is not congenial to the bloodsucker. The Bulgarians have actually constructed railways, and carried out their public works by a kind of voluntary *corvée*, and without recourse to foreign capital. Where does the international financier come in? How can you suck such a people?

The *status quo* has gone, and gone for ever, but the bond-holding interest remains, potent as ever in high places. That those whose money has helped to maintain an iniquitous *régime* should suffer the same diminution as itself is obviously just. If you back the wrong horse, you are out of pocket. But if, owing to the political influence commanded by these speculators, this drastic solution is impossible, and the Balkan States are to be saddled with a portion of the Turkish debt proportioned to the territories acquired, a very serious duty is imposed on the British Government. Whatever quota of the debt is to be assigned to the Balkan States, it should not exceed the capitalized value of the actual net revenue of the several provinces in the condition in which they have been left by the Turk, and should be checked by the amount of public works actually carried out. The revenue of Macedonia, for instance, in the state to which he has reduced it, cannot be large. To charge the new possessors

of these lands on a valuation framed according to their prospective development under decent administration, would be a gross act of injustice. There is a very real danger that the *entente* with the plutocratic Republic may inveigle our Foreign Office into some proposal of this kind. Let there be no disreputable partnership with the bond-holding Shylock.

Deliverance is indeed at hand, but the agony of that long travail has lasted over a generation, and every stage has been marked by massacre. It was on July 1st, 1875, that the Christian population of Nevesinje, in Herzegovina, already driven for the most part to the mountains by the exactions of the tithe farmers and a series of outrages, were stirred to actual insurrection by the butchery of such of the inhabitants as had ventured to return to their homes. On August 15th of the same year similar causes provoked the uprising in North-Western Bosnia. On the same day, so pregnant with historic consequences, while making my way on foot with my brother through that Bosnian region, I found myself in the middle of a great *rayah* throng, coming together apparently from every quarter, on the eve of a great festival of Our Lady and Saint Catherine. The goal of the pilgrimage was a small shrine on the summit of the forest-clad and normally lonely height of Komushina, and though the shrine was Latin, it was a significant phenomenon that many of the pilgrims were Serbs of the Orthodox Greek Church. After their devotions, numbers of the throng formed circles round their camp fires, and listened far into the night to the strains of the native bards, who, to the tune of their one-stringed lyres, sang the old heroic lays of the last fight against the Turks on the field of Kossovo. They were rudely interrupted. Turkish *Zaptiehs* appeared on the scene, and I was wit-

ness to brutalities such as I had never imagined to be possible on European soil. Women as well as men were flogged away; one old man who was being unmercifully beaten I succeeded in rescuing. But the people themselves, thus treated as human beasts, seemed to bear it with stolid apathy. It had been part of their lives.

But the cup was overflowing. On the same Eve of Saint Catherine, patroness of old Bosnian Queens, the rising began and rapidly spread to the Save Valley and the Dalmatian and Croatian frontier. Yet these half-armed Bosnian villagers could not fight with any prospect of success the forces that were now let loose against them. These were less the Turkish Regulars than their feudal lords and their retainers, the fully-armed Bash-Bazouks not long since supposed to have been suppressed by a philanthropic Sultan. A day or two later we met masses of these pouring through Sarajevo on their way to their butcher's work, and scowling ferociously at the gliaour as they passed. Fearful scenes of havoc, outrage, and massacre followed. Village after village was burnt to the ground. A small armed force of insurgents was able to hold out for three years to the time of the Austro-Hungarian Occupation. But with this exception, the survivors of practically the whole Christian population of Northern and Western Bosnia, and a large part of Herzegovina, were driven in an absolutely destitute condition across the mountain confines of Dalmatia and Croatia, and beyond the Save. This aggregation of Christian refugees, to the number of at least a quarter of a million, mainly in a barren highland region, is one of the most terrible episodes of the mortal struggle now (it is to be hoped) reaching its final phase. The nominal dole of about 1 3-4 d. a head assigned to the refugees by the Austro-Hungarian

Government was not in itself sufficient to keep body and soul together and often did not reach those for whom it was intended. Cattle which some of the fugitives had brought over were actually seized by the Magyar officials, "since they must have been stolen from the Turks." Full Customs dues were charged by the same officials on clothing and blankets sent out from England for the benefit of the sufferers, and I have myself seen several mule-loads of these sent back from the frontier station on the pass of Mount Velebleh, in the depth of winter, because there was no present means of paying the extortionate demands of these officers! The heroic exertions of Miss Irby and her colleagues, who, in the course of three years raised nearly £60,000 in subscriptions, did much to relieve the direst need. But the remoteness of some of the refugee settlements in this wilderness of barren ranges placed them almost beyond the reach of organized assistance. I have myself found hundreds of refugees in a starving condition, huddled in the large caves so frequent in that limestone region. In one case there was no one living to claim relief. Along that widely extended frontier region, half fed and imperfectly sheltered for the most part, these wretched people lingered for three years; attempts at a partial return to their burnt cottages being met by fresh massacres. Hunger and famine typhus took their constant toll, and the total death-roll amounted to 90,000.

As I left Sarajevo, a few days after the first outbreak of the insurrection, a strange atmospheric phenomenon met my eyes. The clouds had sunk till they hung like a pall over mosque and minaret, and shrouded even the nearest of the surrounding hills in impenetrable gloom. A mist in turn crept round, and lapped the outer walls of the city, which alone itself stood forth

clear and well-defined in the livid half light. I took it then as a fitting omen of the uncertainty of all around, and a portent of the impending doom of Ottoman dominion in the country, and recalled the last words of a foreign representative as I left the city: "It is the beginning of the end." The outbreak in Bosnia and Herzegovina has proved, indeed, to be "the beginning of the end" of Ottoman dominion in Europe.

From that moment onwards the chain of events is unbroken. The Herzegovinians, both by the more rugged nature of these highlands and the assistance that they received from their Montenegrin neighbors, were able to make a better fight against the Turks than the Bosnians. The official intervention of Montenegro itself became inevitable, and upon July 2nd, 1876, Prince Nicholas declared war against the Sultan. But the Slavonic movement in the west of the Peninsula was already spreading to Eastern Balkans, with results even more pregnant of a great historic revolution. In the spring of 1876, even the apparently stolid Bulgarian was stirred to action. Against incipient insurrection the same irregular forces were let loose that had been applied in Bosnia. Amidst the rose gardens of Thrace massacres took place which for their combined perfidy and hideous ferocity probably exceeded anything of the kind perpetrated on European soil. At Batak alone, where Ahmed Aga, the Moslem leader, had disarmed the inhabitants on the sworn assurance that not a hair of their heads should be touched, 5,000 persons were butchered with every attendant incident of outrage, and the church turned into a shambles. He was decorated by Abdul Hamid, but Europe was roused. The Russian War followed, and by the Treaty of San Stefano a new Bulgarian State was created on ethnographic lines, including the greater part of Macedonia.

By the Treaty of Berlin, however, which was imposed by us with Austro-Hungarian help, Southern Bulgaria, under the name of Eastern Roumelia, was separated (though only for a time) from the Danubian Province, while Macedonia was handed back to the tender mercies of the Turk!

Is it necessary to continue the tale of diplomatic tergiversations and imbecilities, or the cynical egotism of the chancelleries? The "Organic Statute" devised for Eastern Roumelia was to be applied to Macedonia, but who was to enforce its application? The Great Powers themselves treated Article XXIII. of the Berlin Treaty—the most solemn of all its engagements—as so much waste paper. In 1897, Austria-Hungary and Russia made a definite compact to support the Balkan *status quo*. The Turkish Government, greatly relieved, gave the screw an additional turn. In my own experiences of Macedonia in the period anterior to the insurrection, one of the chief evils was the perpetual liability to *corvées* of the most arbitrary kind. The *angaria*, as it was called, seemed to drive the Bulgarian villagers to despair. I have seen a brutal band of Zaptiehs descend on a large Macedonian village at harvest time, and carry off all the available carts, together with most of the able-bodied inhabitants. Their own corn, for which they would have to account twice over to the tax-gatherer, was left at the critical moment to rot on the ground. There was no security for the honor of the women. There was no justice to be had in the Courts, where, in conformity with the Sacred Law, Christian evidence was not taken. Soldiers lived at free quarters in the villages, arbitrary arrests were of continual occurrence, and the schoolmasters were a special object of persecution. Whole batches were deported to be done to death in Anatolian prisons, or distant Tripoli.

The officially proclaimed disinterestedness of the two Imperial Powers gave fresh encouragement to this Turkish policy of exasperation, deliberately schemed and leading up to an abortive insurrection which, under the plea of repression, might be followed by the systematic thinning down of the too dangerous Bulgar element. In 1902 this policy, which had come to a head in the tortures and other brutalities applied in the search for arms, bore its fruit. Many Bulgar villagers of Macedonia took to the mountains and formed themselves into armed bands. It was this for which the Turkish Government were preparing. Not only the whole military forces of the Province, but armed Mohammedan gangs were let loose on the defenceless Bulgar villages. Over a hundred were wholly or partly burnt, and the barest means of sustenance carried off. The scheme was methodically planned, and the systematic destruction of the villages reported to Stamboul. An official list purloined from the archives of Hilmi Pasha, the Governor-General, showed that the number of villages destroyed in the Monastir vilayet alone was ninety-three. A sinister feature of these horrors was the outrages on women. It is said that in the case of the village of Galishta, young or old, not one escaped dishonor. In many villages there was an indiscriminate massacre. But the calculation was that hunger and attendant typhus, and the exposure of the homeless survivors to the rigors of a Balkan winter, would complete the work. This result, however, was greatly mitigated by the energetic action of the Macedonian Relief Committee.

Even the Great Powers felt that something must be done. In conformity with the Austro-Russian Agreement of Müritzsteg (October 30th, 1903), an Inspector-General of Reforms, Hilmi Pasha, was nominated by

the Sultan, with European civil agents "at his disposal." European gendarmerie officers were appointed, and zones assigned to the different Powers, but all executive authority was taken from them, and they were to be regarded as Turkish Government officials. "The Sultan's sovereignty must be respected," reforms or no reforms.

This miserable diplomatic makeshift suited Abdul Hamid's game. The European gendarmerie officers, deprived of all effective control, remained impotent spectators of rapine and outrage. The Austro-Hungarian contingent was actually withdrawn in return for a railway concession. True to his policy, the Sultan gave direct encouragement to the fierce propaganda of the "Patriarchist" Greeks at the expense of the "Exarchist" Bulgars. On the horrors committed by Christian bands, thus encouraged, it is well to draw the veil: a happier epoch of reconciliation has dawned at last. Added to this was the hideous work of wild Arnauts and Turkish bands, and the anarchy in the unfortunate province seemed to have become chronic. It was obvious that whether the Powers wished it or not, some more drastic action must be taken, and it is now abundantly clear that it was the fear of his European action more than any other motive that led to the success of the Young Turk Revolution.

On the advent of the new régime at Constantinople all the Powers, without taking any guarantee for the good government of Macedonia, withdrew their officers. Then the real policy of the Young Turks unmasked itself. Their centralizing and Ottomanizing efforts had at least the effect of uniting all the rival nationalities and creeds against them. The attacks on Albanian privileges and on the use of the native language in their schools led to actual insurrection. The Greeks, who had re-

ceived encouragement, found themselves suddenly proscribed and, apart from this, a general boycott was proclaimed against Greek commerce throughout the Empire. The constitutional privileges granted to the Christians *pro forma* were everywhere flouted and their clubs suppressed. The bands, Greek and Bulgarian alike, were indeed curbed, but not so the Turkish, and a deliberate scheme was carried out of assassinating the Christian notables in detail. What, however, reduced the provincials to a state of desperation was the unexampled brutality of the search for arms, carried out not only in the insurgent districts of Albania, but throughout the peaceful Christian villages of Macedonia. These were isolated in succession by a cordon of troops. The male population was then taken out in turn and so horribly beaten that hundreds died from the effects, and it is said that some thousands have been maimed for life. Finally, some bomb-throwing—whether by Bulgars maddened by outrage, or, as was actually proved in other cases, by *agents provocateurs*—led to massacres at Ishtib and Kochana, followed by another at Berani in Old Serbia.

The new Turkish Government which had now come in was powerless, even if it had the will, to give adequate redress, or to bring the chief perpetrators, among whom were many Turkish soldiers, to justice. So long as the "sacred law" exists, no Ottoman Government will be able to do this. But the cup was once more full, and the Ministry of Kiamil, which deserved a better lot, has succeeded to the evil heritage.

In the union of Greek and Bulgar that we now see, the Young Turks have performed little short of a miracle. To those who have been witnesses to the fierce animosity till lately existing between the two na-

tionalties, such a consummation was almost beyond hope. But the process has been aided by the possession of Greece at this moment of a real statesman in M. Venizelos, who had never, at least, lost sight of the fact that even at the height of the local rivalries the Bulgarians had manfully supported the legitimate claims of Greece on Crete. When the history of the conclusion of the Balkan Alliance comes to be written, it will be seen how large a part the prescience and statesmanlike grasp of M. Venizelos has played in its inception, associated with the level-headed shrewdness of King Ferdinand and his advisers.

But a profound influence in the same direction was operating from another side. The anti-national policy of Austria-Hungary, in virtue of the dual pact between its German and Magyar elements, may be said to have pushed Serbia into the arms of her Balkan rivals. In 1878, at the time of the Occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina (entirely peopled by a Serbian population), there might have been a fair opportunity for some amicable arrangement. At least, the orthodox districts to the south might have been handed over to Serbia and Montenegro. Very different was the attitude adopted. The Prince of Montenegro, who had actually advanced into Herzegovina on a liberating campaign, was compelled to retreat before military *force majeure*. The motive of the occupation, as actually set forth by the Hungarian Premier, was "to stamp on the head of the Slavonic serpent." The further stipulation wrung from the Turk of a right of joint occupation with the Sultan's forces in the Sanjak of Novipazar, was obtained with a view to raising a permanent wall of division between the two free Serbian States. Nevertheless, so long as the Occupation remained *de jure* of a temporary nature, the Serbs still cherished some

hope of a final compromise. But that hope was rudely dashed by the annexation of the occupied provinces in 1908. Serbia found herself definitely shut in on the Adriatic side. The resentful feeling was intensified by the deliberate administrative isolation of Bosnia from the Balkan interior, the systematic depression of the orthodox element, representing the majority of the population, the tyrannical treatment of the Serbs in Croatia, and finally the endeavor to implicate a Serbian Minister by means of forged documents in a trumped-up charge of high treason brought against Croatian Serbs.

Serbia's protest against the annexation was in itself hopeless. The vision of "shining armor" scared her patrons, and she had to bow her head. But it may be said that from that moment a new spirit has sprung up among her people. She has done much to put her house in order, and the extent to which she has improved her armaments has been sufficiently illustrated by the present war. In some respects her preparedness was superior even to that of the Bulgarians, and the rapidity of movement shown by her forces, and the precision of her gunners, has surprised the world. The attempt to stifle her expansion to the west has resulted in the concentration of the whole national effort towards obtaining an adequate port on the Adriatic, entirely approached through Serbian territory. But to secure this, it was necessary to find allies. The relations with Greece were already excellent, but the mutual jealousies of Serb and Bulgar, owing to the dovetailing of the two elements in Macedonia, seemed to be almost insuperable. That they have been overcome, and a solid understanding attained with the Sofia Government, seems to have been largely the work of the Premier, M. Pashich, and there seems no reason to

doubt the statement¹ that as early as 1909, at least, the basis of the Balkan League had been laid down by his efforts. It would even appear that the two other Balkan allies are territorially disinterested north of a line which includes Uskub, Prilip, Ochrida, and the course of the Skumbi river. This line includes not only some Greeks, but a considerable Bulgar population. It may be taken to illustrate the broad historic and economic lines on which the contemplated new delimitations have been traced, so far as it was possible to lay them down. The future boundaries of Greece will contain a large Bulgar ingredient. On the other hand, especially in the Thracian coast towns, many Greek inhabitants will have to recognize Bulgarian sovereignty. That such principles of division, superior to the mere local considerations of conflicting national units, should have been deliberately laid down by the founders of the League, redounds greatly to their statesmanship.

So much must be clearly understood. The Balkan League is not a mere casual alliance for temporary ends. Its foundation was really due to the instinct of self-preservation on the part of the small Balkan States, and its objective carries much further than the conclusion of the present war. The almost unhopd-for co-operation has now been cemented in blood. It is not for nothing that Serbian divisions have fought for their ally under the walls of Adrianople, that Bulgarian and Greek troops have joined forces with the Serbian in Macedonia. That here and there old animosities may have fought for their ally under the forces need surprise no one. But the wisdom of the responsible leaders may be trusted to check such local demonstrations. There is an absolute agree-

¹ R. I. MacHugh, "Interview with the Serbian Premier," "Daily Telegraph," November 18th, 1912.

ment that no member of the Alliance can enter into a separate treaty with any foreign Power. It is a significant fact that when the dispute between Austria-Hungary and Serbia was at its height the direct negotiations were entrusted to the Bulgarian Premier. That is the very point of the alliance of which Austria-Hungary will have to take count in her demands. She has no longer to deal alone with little Serbia. The very fact, however, that Bulgaria is acting as her partner, must greatly facilitate a reasonable compromise.

Nor is it only in the department of Foreign Affairs that the Allies are thus associated. The combination is to extend to other matters. Not, perhaps, an actual Zollverein, but a Customs Convention, including at least mutual preference, is one of the objects in view. Some kind of Postal Union is also spoken of, and the junction of the Balkan railways and the extension of the system on lines reciprocally agreed on is a natural aim. The tendency, it will be seen, is towards a real Federation. And in this connection it may not be presumptuous to make a suggestion. The future of Constantinople seems to lie outside the scope of the Balkan League, though it may be hoped that it will be transformed into a free city. But the destinies of Salonica, the great Ægean outlet of Macedonia and a part of Thrace, are now in the hands of the Allies. For their purposes it is curiously central. It is almost equi-distant from Sofia, by the upper Strymon valley, and from Uskub (Skopla), which seems to have been chosen as the future capital of Serbia. If Elbassan, the most central Albanian town, should ever become the capital of an autonomous Skipetaria, its distance from Salonica will be found closely to correspond. Athens, on the other hand, is only slightly further. It was for very valid reasons

that the Romans made Thessalonica the Metropolis of Illyricum. Surely the time has now come when its old historic function may be revived under a different guise. From the necessity of the case Salonica must be made a free port. Like Trieste, it is the mouth of the lands behind it, and should have untrammelled intercourse with them. It can hardly be the absolute property of any of the allies. Might it not become a Federal City, in a certain measure the Washington of the Balkans, the seat of a Federal Council consisting of delegates from the Allied States to settle common affairs?

The thought of Salonica and its ancient historic functions brings us to what is the very core of the present situation. By the victories of the Allies the greater part of the Balkan Peninsula becomes what it has hardly ever been since Roman times—a single political entity. Artificial barriers are broken down, and we can look on the country as a whole. The great natural lines of intercourse as to the development of which the Romans showed so imperial a grasp, can now be fully reopened, and it will be seen eventually how closely the principal railway lines of future construction must correspond with the trunk lines of the Roman road system. Already the "Orient Express" from Belgrade to Constantinople follows closely throughout its course the ancient *cursus publicus* between West and East. The same is true of the Morava and Vardar line to Salonica. The task of the immediate future is the reopening of the missing sections of the great transverse lines. If the Serbs advance to Durazzo, the whole Egnatian Way will be in the hands of the allies—the old highway between Italy and Greece. It is important, moreover, to observe that the reopening of this avenue by means of a continuation of the Monastir railway, with two branches, to

Durazzo, namely, and Valona, the modern representative of Apollonia, is of almost equal interest to Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece. Between Lissus (Alessio), at the mouth of the Drin, and Ratiaria (Artcher), a point on the Danube not far from Widdin, ran another important line of Roman road—according to a probable theory the avenue by which Trajan led his forces against Dacia. This again almost exactly corresponds with a line of railway already planned which shall link up not only the heart of Serbia, but in a more distant degree Rumania with an Adriatic port. Part of the lower Drin valley presents some difficulties, but they are not insuperable, and, indeed, were easily surmounted by the Roman engineers. Having travelled through all that region, I may be allowed to express an opinion that this route, which opens to the sea the most flourishing regions of old Serbia and which passes through a country rich in mineral deposits, is, on the whole, of the most vital interest to her. Greece and Bulgaria will have dozens of ports; it is fair that Serbia should have at least one on her own territory.

The question of Durazzo will solve itself. It is too obvious a natural outlet from Macedonia for any of the Balkan States to allow free access to it to be shut off by a hostile and isolated Albania. Even though a large part of Albania be autonomous, Durazzo must still be a free port to which the other States would have to obtain free access. It is certain that whatever measure of independence be accorded to the Albanians within reasonable geographical limits, neither Bulgaria, Greece, nor Serbia can afford to see a second Bosnia, isolated and isolating, formed on their borders. Albania, too, must submit to the law of Balkan interdependence. Her natural place is as an independent member of the League.

But what is Albania? Has it any real national unity? The northern clans, the Malissori, are mostly Roman Catholic, and have hitherto stood apart. Central Albania is overwhelmingly Mohammedan, and the Tosks and the Serbs are partly Orthodox Greek, and a good deal permeated with Hellenism. During the present struggle the Albanians have ranged themselves on two sides. Part of the Catholic clans fought on the side of the Montenegrins. The Moslem Arnauts, on the other hand, joined the Turks against the Serbs and Greeks. There is very little unity even in their language. The Gheg dialect spoken in Upper Albania is so different from the Tosk, which begins near Berat, that the two branches of the race can hardly make themselves understood. Hitherto there has been no unity of consecutiveness in Albanian politics.

I had myself the opportunity to follow with sympathetic interest the proceedings of the Albanian League, the aim of which at one time was to oppose the cession of Dulcigno to Montenegro. It was not long before I discovered that the direction of the League was really in the hands of a Palace camarilla at Stamboul, who used it for their own purposes, amongst others the suppression of one of the best of the Turkish leaders, Mehemet Ali. The national side of the movement was perpetually subordinated to similar intrigues. The Young Turks, indeed, provoked armed resistance, and there seemed some hope of a real movement for autonomy. But the national spirit was quite subordinated to that of Moslem ascendancy, and when it came to a concerted effort to throw off the yoke of Stamboul, the old religious ties proved too strong, and the Arnauts threw in their lot with the Turks against the Allies.

It must at the same time be recog-

nized that by the definite cutting of the wires that connected Albania with Stamboul, the conditions of the problem are radically altered. The Albanians find themselves geographically isolated from Turkey, and whatever their predilections, they must adapt themselves to their new circumstances. The hour of their more enlightened patriots, among whom must be reckoned Kemal Bey, has come at last. Neither can there be any doubt that there is a real sense of Skipetar nationality even among the Moslems. The traditions of Skanderbeg are still with them a living force, and though the emissaries of the late Sultan succeeded in stirring up a certain amount of spurious fanaticism among them, this is far from their real character. They are, in fact, largely under the influence of the extremely liberal Bek-tashi sect,² which regards Christianity and Islam with the same philosophic impartiality. The great qualities of the Skipetar are generally recognized. His absolute fidelity to his pledged word or *bessa* is proverbial. His chivalry towards women is another high quality. The Mohammedan women of Albania are freer from Oriental seclusion than those of any other part of Turkey, and show themselves unveiled even before strangers. I was once for weeks in the house of an Albanian Bey, looked after by his woman-kind in quite a European fashion. They are endowed as a race with great intelligence, and so far as my own observation goes, show a higher natural artistic faculty than any other Balkan people. Their intellectual development has been brutally obstructed, their schools have been closed, and even their alphabet has been an object of proscription, but no-

where is there so strong a determination to secure educational freedom on national lines than among the Mohammedan Skipetars.

Their warlike spirit and personal bravery is generally acknowledged, though, unfortunately, owing to their barbaric stage of development, it is often marred by ferocity, and their wild Highland instincts have led them to prey unmercifully on their Lowland neighbors of other stocks. They have thus accumulated enmities, and having thrown in their lot with the Turks must now, to a certain extent, submit to the consequences. But it is to be hoped that whatever price they have to pay in the detachment of certain strips of territory by Serbia or Greece, a large measure of autonomy may still be reserved for them. It is imperative that the Allies themselves should come to terms with the Albanian Chiefs in a liberal spirit and not wait for the creation of an alien State under foreign protection, affording a stepping-stone for continued foreign interference in Balkan affairs.

The pity is that the Albanians themselves should have waited so long, that they should have shown a divided allegiance, and have put forward no authorized programme. Considering the disorganized state of the country, it is impossible to see how at this juncture any plan for the union of all the heterogeneous elements into a single State is possible for a moment. The allies, Serbia and Greece alike, are bound to demand certain military guarantees against hostile movements on that side. That Serbia should retain the lower valley of the Drin, and at least the port of Alessio, is, as has been already said, a geographical necessity for her, though this does not entail a fortified harbor. That Greece should retain Prevesa and the mouth of the Gulf of Arta is of vital interest for her, and this carries with it the

² A good account of the influence of this Order in Albania and of their unorthodox tenets is given by Mr. G. N. Brailsford in his *Work on Macedonia*. In Crete they are also well represented, and show to my knowledge the same liberality of view.

possession of Joannina. All this is the fortune of war, and must be accepted by those who appealed to its arbitrament. But the great mass of the country east of the Pindus and the Shar remains, and might well form a separate principality subject to running powers of the Allied States along a line to be constructed from Monastir to Durazzo.

The Roman Catholic clans, the Malissori of the North Albanian Highlands, have hitherto formed a distinct group, and have never been able to enter into any real co-operation with the Mohammedan Ghegs. It is an open secret that for some time the King of Montenegro has favored their formation into an autonomous Principality, under some kind of Montenegrin suzerainty. Negotiations were not long since entered into to obtain an Italian Prince; but, owing probably to the fear of wounding Austro-Hungarian susceptibilities, they came to nothing. But under present circumstances the project of forming a Roman Catholic principality gains a new importance. The principality, if it were formed, would represent the revival of the old Principality of Dukagjin, itself of Serbian origin, the laws of which are traditionally observed by the mountain tribes under the name of Kanol i Leks Dukaginit. The Miridite reigning family still claims descent from the Princes of Dukagjin, but its present head, owing to his long exile from his own country, and to defects of character, cannot be regarded as a worthy candidate. Were such a principality formed, however, under Montenegrin suzerainty, means would yet have to be found to leave Serbia the free possession of the roadway down the lower Drin valley.

That in any case the Albanians should resign certain units of population in view of a broad geographical and economical settlement is no more

than what the Bulgars and the Greeks have done on a more extensive scale. The claim to include in a future Albania the regions of Kossovo and Metochia, although the Skipetar element is there numerically preponderant over the Serb, has through the events of the last month become an historic anachronism. That, short of armed compulsion, the Serbs and Montenegrins will never again evacuate these regions is as certain as anything in the affairs of nations. In Metochia, the westernmost of these inland basins, are concentrated the most hallowed sites of Serbian history. There lies Prizren the Tsarigrad, and Pëch (Ipek), the seat of the old Serbian Patriarchate. In a mountain glen to the west, with its walls of rose-tinted marble and finely sculptured portal, rises the beautiful church of Detchani, the crowning-place of Serbian kings. When I saw it some years since, frescoes representing some of these sovereigns still adorned the walls, though whether they have since been defaced, as in the case of so many other Old Serbian churches, by the savagery of the Turk or the Arnaut, I do not know. For a whole generation Kossovo and the adjoining region have been terrorized by the wild Arnauts. The ruthless policy of exterminating the Serbian elements of the population has been carried out with the full complicity of Yildiz, and under the eyes of the Turkish officials. Murder and outrage have been of everyday occurrence, and the Serb villagers, where they remained, became the absolute chattels of their Albanian lords. Now that the day of liberation has come to the survivors, does anyone imagine that the Serbian and Montenegrin conquerors will count heads and allow the question of the reunion of their ancient patrimony to depend on ethnological statistics? Once more it should be clearly understood that the Serbian

peoples who have here re-entered on their heritage are prepared to defend their possession to the last. The whole spirit of the Serbian race goes forth in that resolve. It finds a romantic echo in the national song of Montenegro:

"In some dark cave beneath the hill
They say our Tsar is sleeping still
The Contemporary Review.

Out there, out there, beyond the mountains.

"He wakes—and rising in our wroth
We'll drive the proud usurper forth;—
From Detchan's shrine to Prizren's towers

That olden heritage is ours!

Out there, out there, beyond the mountains."

Arthur J. Evans,

AN IMPRESSIONIST VIEW OF CANADA.

First impressions are certainly open to the charge of being superficial. They must necessarily be so. But, all the same, they give us something that we shall never see again. The contrasts with our former experiences are more marked. Essential features, which familiarity will subsequently blur, catch our attention more forcibly, just as the idiosyncrasies of a new acquaintance leave an impress which will not return after years of intimacy. And if they fail to penetrate below the surface, they should also be free from prejudice. Longer study forces us to take sides in outstanding controversies; it immerses us in strong sympathies and antipathies. Human nature prevents us from preserving for long an attitude of impartiality.

In the case of the Dominion of Canada, if the superficial view is open to mistakes, it is also free from the burden of responsibility. We may do our best to form a conception of a nation in the making, without having to take a part in its development. It is not ours to solve its problems or to direct its destinies. That has passed beyond our power. It is not for us to measure its independence, to prescribe its constitution, or to guide its footsteps in the path of expansion. We can only watch, and do our best to harmonize our action with its progress, and to ad-

just our relations with these cousins overseas.

The first lesson comes to us long before we reach the shores of the St. Lawrence. The ship that carried us across the Atlantic carried also some thousand emigrants, who were to make their home in Canada; and no great discrimination was required to enable anyone to judge their quality. The loafer and the street-corner man were conspicuous by their absence. The citizens to be enrolled in the new nation were, in the main, sound specimens of British manhood. England and Scotland may be richer in the future for the strength of our kinsmen beyond the seas, but for the present they are spending of their best to help to build up that strength. We were assured that our fellow-passengers, who were going to Canada to stay, were but an ordinary average specimen of the weekly contingent that leaves our shores. One hears often in Canada of the wastrel who arrives there under the delusion that the weakling who has failed in the old country may find a place in the more strenuous life across the Atlantic. That sort do little credit to the old country, and a sorry fate awaits them in the new. But we can only say that there was little evidence of their presence in the contingent that sailed with us.

Many approach Canada by the

quicker passage to Boston or New York, and then through the States. For ourselves, we hold that the longer route by the St. Lawrence serves as a more dramatic introduction to the Dominion. We scarcely regretted even the delay of thirty hours, due to dense fog, when it was compensated by the superb view of a countless fleet of icebergs, numerous beyond any recent experience,—an array which would have spelt disaster had there been any rashness of navigation, but which, when the fog cleared, and they shone out in brilliant sunlight, fully paid us for the dreary hours, broken only by the wall of the syren. The passage through Belle Isle Straits, with the Labrador coast, recalling memories of Shetland, forms a fitting portal to the vast stretches of lonely forest which succeed it; and the voyage up the St. Lawrence is an experience which it would be hard to match. It attunes the mind to that sense of largeness which gradually penetrates one's consciousness, and is perhaps the most enduring impression left, after we have journeyed through Canada from sea to sea. It culminates fitly in the splendid vision of Quebec, with the Heights of Abraham dominating the wide expanse of river and of land.

We had heard much of Canadian hospitality, and it was not long before we found that description had for once fallen short of the truth. We learned to know that the strenuous worker of Montreal never grudges the interruption to business which gives him the opportunity of welcoming a stranger and making that stranger feel at home. We have only to see, as an absolute outsider, a very little of the vast stream of enterprise, to be struck by the same sense of expansion in action which has already captured our eye in the landscape. In a small and unpretentious room we find the central machinery which is controlling vast

commercial undertakings, stretching from New Brunswick to Vancouver; regulating the financial supply which is to give motive power; directing enterprise into new channels, and accurately gauging the forces that sway the varying tides of trade over an immeasurable field. Politics are here a subsidiary interest. A nation is growing before our eyes. No party shibboleths can here exercise a dominating influence. The national life is moving forward in a mighty current, and no political prejudice can be allowed to stay its progress.

But this does not mean that men are deaf to political appeals or indifferent to political ideals. Their very welcome tells us of the feeling of brotherhood, and reflects the passionate conviction that our interests and theirs are indissolubly united. It is easy to perceive how deep is the impression of the victory at the polls of last September, when disaster was turned aside, and when the specious policy that we now know—as we before suspected—was to lead to annexation to the United States, was finally crushed. In that victory, and in the deep-rooted conviction which achieved it, we believe that the central pivot is to be found on which Canadian politics will turn. If it fails us, the blame will be due to the shifty tactics and the purblind vision of party prejudice at home.

For the moment we leave politics alone. The ready warmth of hospitality makes us feel at home. An essential unity of political aim cements the bond; and amongst those whose outlook is so wide, and whose experience of the old country is so full, as are those of the leading Canadian citizens, one scarcely realizes that one is three thousand miles away from all familiar scenes. We are, as it were, guests in the house of an easy, an accommodating, a courteous host. The novelty of conditions only slowly impresses us.

But in time the man in the street and in the train makes himself felt. It would be easy, as his peculiarities strike us, to feel repelled by what one later recognizes to be the faults of his qualities. Distinctions of class may be condemned as relics of craven servility, but they do contribute to the smooth working of society. The spirit of independence may be worthy of all praise, but its constant assertion is none the less apt to savor of *brusquerie* and to introduce friction into social intercourse. We have to be on our guard against those insular prejudices which make us unduly sensitive to something jarring in the ordinary traffic of the street. Such sensitiveness is an ever-present danger, and its consequences may be worse than a little ridicule incurred by ourselves as individuals. Only a very little observation teaches us that the roughness of ordinary intercourse is merely superficial. It is the necessary accompaniment of a vigorous and always strenuous life, which develops strong personalities, and declines the circumlocution of conventional courtesy. To resent it unduly shows a lack of the sense of proportion, and perhaps an artificial eschewing of it on the part of the average Canadian might savor not a little of affectation. It is true that an ordinary inquiry in the street often meets, at first, with a curt reply. But the next sentence may show a fund of kindly helpfulness that would be rare in the ordinary intercourse of English life. The Good Samaritan may often by his manner disguise his good intentions to the wayfarer, but they are none the less effective in result. We must not forget, too, that while strenuous lives are apt to set little store upon conventional courtesies, deep-seated suspicions and antipathies are still more apt to develop a certain tartness of demeanor. Canada has her own animosities, which her history has taught her, and she

bears the imprint of these upon her manners.

One of these, which it is idle to ignore, is the unbridgeable division between the English and the French population. Religion has much to do with this. Language has still more. But temperament has most of all. It is hard to say what the political aim of the French-Canadian is. His attachment to the great names in the history of the past may count for something,¹ but it is doubtful whether it goes very far with the great mass of the French population. He cannot long for annexation to France or to the United States, because under neither Power would his Church be likely to retain anything like her present privileges and her absolute immunity from any reforming legislation. But the Frenchman has no effective share in the real prosperity of the country, and plays no considerable part in her progress. To the average Frenchman of the poorer class, Canada's strenuous life offers no attraction. He seems to have an instinctive genius for political intrigue, and he wields a disproportionate influence in the minor affairs of administration which is often accorded to him from very weariness, resulting from the strain and stress that burden the more strenuous body of Canadian citizens. By a strange perversity, he seems to find occupation rather in perplexing the clear course of Canadian politics, than in striving for any settled and definite aim of his own. In the dangerous balance, which accident has given to him, between rival political parties, lies the greatest peril to Canada. We would be far from ascribing such perversities either to the whole of the Roman Catholic community or to

¹ Perhaps we need not concern ourselves much with the fact, which is indubitably true, that a visitor might easily traverse the streets of Quebec without learning that such a man as Wolfe ever lived. All the names in evidence are those of Frenchmen.

the best class of Frenchmen in Canada. But they undoubtedly represent, on its bad side, the influence of a great mass of the French population. And the evil which these perversities produce has its effect upon their long-suffering Anglo-Saxon fellow-citizens, who suffer from its consequences, and are not unnaturally impatient at its manifestations.

Even after making all possible allowances for the bewildering rapidity of growth of the Canadian cities, it can scarcely be said that municipal administration is the sphere in which efficiency is most conspicuous. The paving of the streets in Quebec and Montreal would not bring credit to an insignificant provincial town in England; and the reports of the inquiry now proceeding into the water-supply of Ottawa, and the causes of the recent typhoid epidemic, afford very ugly reading. Let it be noted that a very large proportion of the extensive property of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada is exempt from municipal taxation. But in municipal affairs, the influence of the lower-class Frenchman is altogether out of proportion to his interest in the prosperity of the city or his contribution towards its burdens. In Montreal, for instance, the paving of some of the streets in the wealthiest quarters is wretched compared with that of the streets in the poorer French quarters towards the east of the city. A Board of Control had done something to improve conditions, and might be expected to do more; but its existence is now threatened by those whose malpractices it might check. The presence of that evil weed of American growth, commonly known as "graft," is openly admitted, and just as openly condemned by all the better citizens. To some extent it is due to the absence of a leisured class, who could devote time and business capacity to municipal business without

hope of profit. Canadian energy may be trusted to extirpate it in time. But meanwhile it provokes a sense of irksomeness and irritation which lectures from the outside would only aggravate. And the fact is indubitable that the part which a certain class of the French population bears in it, intensifies the jealousy between the diverse racial elements of which Canada is composed. The broad features of the situation are easily grasped. An essential loyalty to Imperial ideas, a deep-rooted sympathy with Anglo-Saxon ideals, is being perpetually jarred by the jealousy and intrigue of an alien racial section. It is no wonder that the mood of Canada becomes self-assertive, irritated by doubts of its loyalty, and impatient of criticism that takes no account of the vexing elements that disturb its peace.

The same impression becomes more strong as we move westward. Journeying from Montreal, when we have passed through the picturesque playgrounds of the city, we proceed through hundreds of miles of stunted forest, in which pine trees push themselves up between huge boulders with a tenacity of life that seems wonderful. It is a broad barrier between Eastern Canada and the new expansion towards the West, and it is beyond that barrier that the most vigorous and enterprising life of the continent is making itself a home. Some day it may yield hidden treasures and form a stepping-stone to the West. Now it is only the long tenantless tract across which Canadian energy has pushed itself. Once over that, we break out upon the Lakes and the busy hives of Port Arthur and Fort William, and presently find ourselves by the Lake of the Woods,—the playground of an entirely new industrial centre. The next stage brings us to the neck of the traffic between East and West,—that marvellously thriving city of yesterday, Winnipeg. It is there

that a new Canada opens to our view, —vigorous, alert, clear-eyed to the vision that lies before her, having all but shaken herself free from the retarding and embarrassing intrigues and racial difficulties that have encumbered her path.

It is there that we begin to recognize the marvellous foresight of those pioneers of railway enterprise who saw that the true line of development was from east to west, and not from north to south. Our colonial history is too often the story of opportunities missed, of discernment sorely lacking, of purblind groping after some aim not clearly recognized. Those who planned the Canadian Pacific Railway were the men who shaped the destinies of Canada, and defeated schemes of American annexation thirty years before the real struggle came. They were statesmen in the best sense of the word—quick to conceive large schemes, and daring to execute them. They have reaped their reward, and have given not a little reality to the common saying that "the C. P. R. is Canada." This is not the place to appraise the feats of engineering skill in the construction of the railway, or to comment upon its financial prospects. That must be left to experts. But no one who visits the railway yards at Winnipeg, who observes the massive strength of its permanent way, and hears the almost unceasing thunder of its huge trains,² passing each other in constant succession, can doubt that behind this mighty organization there work sleepless energy and superb strategic skill. Its forward march is directed by a staff as loyal as it is quick in intelligence. But it has been one of the blessings of Canada that the men who created this marvellous strategical feat of railway traffic, established a tradition of financial purity as

marked as their unerring foresight and their unswerving boldness of action. They have opened a new path, but they have created no monopoly; and Canada has not to fear, like America, that railway development may become a convenient engine of political corruption. Against such a catastrophe the character of the pioneers, repeated in the traditions maintained by their successors, will, we are confident, be a sufficient guarantee, even if there were not the further security of healthy rivalry.

In Winnipeg we have a thriving and bustling centre of diversified prosperity—a landmark on the highway from east to west. Only about a generation old, she already stretches her arms over miles of country covered by handsome buildings. With the usual Canadian foresight, she has secured in the broad acreage of her Public Park a permanent possession of rare beauty, and an invaluable lung for the crowded population that must soon be gathered in her streets.

Leaving Winnipeg and Manitoba, we pass into the prairie districts of Saskatchewan and Alberta, with marked idiosyncrasies of their own. There, along the line of the railway tracks, and away to the north towards Edmonton, stretch the wheat-producing districts. It is only natural that their chief aim should be the acquisition of a ready market; and possibly this may give rise to tendencies towards a line of policy different from the prevailing trend of Canadian feeling. It is towards these provinces that emigration from the United States chiefly spreads; and it would be rash for a stranger to say whether the new settlers, who are acquiring Canadian nationality, will be moved mainly by sympathy with their new fellow-citizens or by aspirations towards a closer union with the land which they have left.

² A train over half a mile in length is not an infrequent sight on the C. P. R.

At this moment the political complexion of these two provinces is sharply distinguished from the provinces to the east and to the west of them. But they are divided by no racial bar and by no bitter memories; and from all accounts the settlers from over the border find in the impartial administration of the law a security that is not unwelcome, and that may weld them closer to the nation which they have voluntarily adopted. The one essential is the development of access to a paying market, and that ought soon to be secured by the unrelenting energy of the various competing railways. The route to the east has been successfully established; it remains only to increase its stream so as to compete successfully with tempting routes that may be opened to the south.

Leaving the rich prairie-lands, we mount from Calgary towards the gigantic barrier of the Rockies and the Selkirk Mountains that separate these from British Columbia. To carry the railway over that barrier—a few years ago passable only by the scanty convoys that could labor over the apology for a track that pierced its gullies and scaled its precipices—was an achievement of indomitable courage, and of splendid confidence in the development of the country. All the seeming probabilities were with those who prophesied bankruptcy for any such scheme. Hundreds of miles had to be traversed from which no produce was to be hoped for, and where no profits were to be found. The inspiring force was the statesmanlike ideal of connecting the links in the chain that was to make the West one with the East. In that faith the pioneers worked, and it is their fidelity to that faith that is now reaping its reward. If the finger of the compass continues to point truly, if no disloyalty deflects it, and no callous lack of sympathy from Eng-

land undermines the faith, that reward will surely be a rich one for Canada and for the Empire.

To attempt to gauge the future capabilities of British Columbia, or to measure her resources, would require investigation far beyond the scope of the present article. The lumber trade, now the chief source of her wealth, is one which time, in the absence of thrifty foresight and prudent renewal, must exhaust; and the fishing industry is not one on which reliance can be placed as a staple of prosperity. A fascinating catalogue of fortunes rapidly made by speculation in Real Estate is, no doubt, matter for congratulation to the lucky speculators, but indicates no increase of national wealth. But there are other symptoms that presage well for British Columbia's future, and that promise to make her a sound asset for Canada and the Empire. New industries are gradually but surely coming to take part in her development along with the lumber trade. Mineral wealth is there waiting for development. The access to the Pacific, which opens a new portal to the East, must stir new ambitions, and open a vista of new possibilities. The prizes will not be gained without severe competition, but the energy to meet that competition is in abundant evidence. It is no little matter that Imperialist loyalty flourishes nowhere better than in British Columbia, that farthest landmark of Empire, where the West once more meets the East.

It is a dramatic meeting, and it is set in dramatic surroundings. As we drop gradually down from the mountain barrier that we have crossed and pass through the gloomy portals of gigantic forests, we feel that we have come to a new land. Light and air and sunshine burst upon us, and it is only where the forest almost meets the sea that we find that its domain has been seriously invaded, and that

its advanced sentinels have been mowed down to give room for streets and towering skyscrapers. There is nothing to suggest the fact that only six-and-twenty years ago primeval forest held the whole region in its sway where now broad streets and electric tramways and reeking chimneys and the long façades of huge factories are pushing their obtrusive presence, heedless of its solemn dignity. Only here and there we are reminded of the rapid transformation, by seeing the gaunt remnants of colossal pines sticking up close by the wall of a freshly-risen pile of ten-storey buildings. These remnants are like hunted ghosts, gibbering at the profanation of their secular mysteries.

Here, as it were, Canada has come to the boundary of her domain—a boundary that opens long vistas of new development. The present feverish haste to make rapid profits out of land speculation, which adds nothing to the store of national wealth, will surely pass. Already prudent schemes are being started which will prevent the denudation of the country by lumber export. The abundant store of energy which is to be found in the ever-increasing stream of enterprising immigrants, towards which the rest of the world is making rich contributions, will assuredly develop manufactures under very favorable conditions. And we have at least this security, that British Columbia is solid in its loyalty to the Imperial ideal, and that the most distant link in the chain that binds together British North America in fidelity to one flag is also one of the strongest, and the least likely to be snapped by any centrifugal force. It is not without significance that the tone and temper of the citizens of Vancouver and of Victoria are as characteristically British as any that we can meet in the three thousand miles from Montreal to the Pacific.

The British traveler is dull and unsympathetic who does not catch from the journey a new sense of Imperial unity, who does not learn something of the problems that lie before the Dominion, and feel some sympathy with the difficulties she has to meet. On the question of annexation with America, Canada has pronounced her judgment once for all. She knows how she was tempted by tricky promises; she is the stronger for her refusal of the bait; and she has learned since what were the motives that lay behind the temptation, and has seen the ulterior aims roughly and cynically proclaimed. Canada will not knowingly surrender her birthright as a partner in the British Empire for any Will-o'-the-wisp of commercial advantage. But none the less there exists a more insidious danger, because it is less observed. Is the visitor quite deceived who fancies that there is some growth of Americanizing sentiment spreading itself amongst certain sections of Canadians? They are ready to resist avowed political schemes, and annexation, as such, is abhorrent to the mass of Canadians. But are they quick to discern that assimilation of temperament in certain quarters which may work its results as certainly, though with less chance of detection? Is it wise to encourage tendencies, in the younger generation especially, that may create sympathies antagonistic to the real trend of Canadian nationality? The subject is one too dangerous for dogmatism or advice: we at most can hazard a suggestion. Canada has a personality of her own, which is too valuable to be exchanged for an easy adoption of American types, American ideals, American fashions.

But the real problem for Canada undoubtedly is the antagonistic racial feeling which has its roots deep in certain sections of the French population. There lies the *crux* of the Cana-

dian politician. We recognize, with all respect, the presence of divergent parties in Canadian politics, and we would be sorry to attack the essential loyalty of either. But that section of French feeling to which we refer is essentially antagonistic to the prevailing spirit of the country. It perverts and twists to its own evil ends the divergences of party politics. It imposes a bar and an impediment, so far as it can, to any great scheme of Imperial consolidation. It finds its profit in keeping old sores open, in reviving controversies already settled, and in stirring up imaginary grievances in the minds of the most ignorant of the population.

The stupendous question of to-day, alike for England and for Canada, is the maintenance of the Imperial control of the sea. The only question which links us together by the tie of vital interest is the policing of the highway of the ocean. Once that highway loses its security, the knell of British as of Canadian prosperity is sounded. That both countries should combine in the task of defending it is the essential guarantee of their partnership.

But to any such scheme that French section to which we have referred is ready to show the most relentless hostility, and to back that hostility by the most flagrant misrepresentation, framed to catch the ears of the unthinking *habitant*, who is taught that a naval contribution means the kidnapping of his sons, who are to be shipped across the ocean to fight England's battles.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has at all times met with whole-hearted welcome from the British nation, and it is no business of ours to interfere with the party politics of Canada or to obtrude our sympathy on either side. We can only express our fervent hope that Sir Wilfrid Laurier may continue to command that welcome by the pa-

triotism that is above party. We would not have presumed even to express that hope, were it not that some of his most recent utterances have stirred deep hostility in Canada, and have given to ourselves strong searchings of heart. Reciprocity with the United States has surely been sufficiently exposed to render it unwise for any Canadian leader to revive it as Sir Wilfrid Laurier has done. Still less can it be expedient at this moment to inflame the bitterness of racial antipathy by appeals to prejudice.

A grave task lies before Mr. Borden and his colleagues, in deciding how Canada may contribute to the great scheme of Imperial Defence. We would be disposed to make little account of exact proportion, and not to be too careful as regards any balance on one side or the other in the budget of expense. But we cannot but urge that naval defence must rest upon a single scheme, and that subdivisions and divergent counsels spell disaster; and further, that organization during peace must be the basis of organization for war. It may not be amiss to suggest that practical experience would soon tell against any such *morcellement*, and that the *personnel* of a Canadian navy would soon protest against any scheme which confined them to Canadian waters, and bounded their ambition by the command of a Canadian contingent.

We are unwilling, however, to say anything which may increase the difficulty of the task which now faces the Canadian Government. We have full confidence in the patriotism and in the Imperial instincts of Mr. Borden. But two things are essential to his success, and they must be supplied by His Majesty's Government at home. In the first place, Canada must be given a voice in consultations upon Imperial policy, in proportion to her contribution. This must be given in no grudging spirit. No specious offers of con-

fidential talk, after decisions have been taken, can meet the fair demand of the Dominion. To decide how this share is to be given is a task which demands statesmanship, but which ought not to be beyond the powers of far-sighted prudence. To lay the foundations of such a scheme of confederation requires qualities far different from those that have been exhibited in abortive schemes for partitioning the United Kingdom into an ill-assorted heptarchy.

Secondly, Mr. Borden and his colleagues must be supplied with ample information as to the real dangers that threaten the Empire, so as to justify the proposals which he may feel it to be his duty to lay before the Canadian Parliament. It is not sufficient to hint at dangers, and not to give to these dangers the full and explicit documentary expression which the Canadian Cabinet has a right to demand. The British Cabinet, as it is now constituted, has forced us to be suspicious of its motives and dubious as to its tactics. If, from any fancied tactical gain, or from any sordid temptation to embarrass the Canadian Cabinet in meeting the party led by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, our present Government were lacking in that essential frankness, such shiftiness would add a heavy load of responsibility to that for which they will one day have to answer.

Unfortunately we have very distinct evidence that, amongst a certain section of the Radical party, such a das-

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tardly policy would be welcomed. In an organ of the present Government, which reflects the worst tendencies of that party, "The Nation," we read as follows (Sept. 7, 1912):

"We do not know what are the precise proposals about the Navy that Mr. Borden has taken back with him to Canada, but we do very strongly urge that Mr. Churchill cannot and must not put the Liberal Government into antagonism with the Liberal Party in Canada. . . . It is no part of any Liberal Government's duty to assist in furthering a policy which is essentially Conservative. . . . It would not be impartiality, but levity, to approve of a Liberal Navy policy when it is put forward by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and when something like an opposite policy is put forward by his Conservative successor, to approve that too, and help him to develop it."

Let us consider what this means. It is a plain declaration that the duty of an English Government is not to accept the Government placed in power by Canadian votes, but to undermine its influence and to thwart its aims in order to further Radical views. Treasonable suggestion could go to no more daring lengths, nor could party spite evince tactics more despicable. We shall have to watch whether such suggestions, and such tactics, receive any countenance from those who, unfortunately, hold for the moment the fortunes of the Empire in their hands.

HONESTY.

BY M. E. FRANCIS

CHAPTER IV.

Honesty's excursion on that memorable Bank Holiday was an unmixed success. To go "on the train" was in itself a novel and exhilarating proceed-

ing, and then the wonders of Salisbury, even when the shops were shut! The visit to the Cathedral, the perambulation of the streets "arm in crook" with Mr. Short, the dinner at the Tem-

perance Hotel, whither Zachary conducted her on account of its eminent respectability! To Honesty the "cut from the joint" washed down by lemonade partaken of at the little oilcloth-covered table, was a bewildering experience. But, best of all, was the circus. Surely that must have been an entertainment of exceptional brilliancy. Were there ever such a number of lights, such marvellously clever horses, such beautiful ladies—some in riding habits, as smart as any to be seen in the Vale, others in short skirts and tights—such humorous clowns, such an abnormally sagacious elephant? Honesty enjoyed everything to the utmost, and came out into the dusk at the conclusion of the performance, blinking like a little owl and hardly conscious of her surroundings.

"Now then, what about tea?" asked Zachary, crooking his arm round hers once more in the recognized fashion.

"I d' 'low we did ought to get home-along for tea," faltered Honesty, wistfully however, for she was loath for this day of delights to come to an end.

"I'll tell ye what," said Zachary, "we'll have tea at Templecombe; we have about three quarters of an hour between trains, and it'll help to pass the time. I have a friend what lives not so far from the station as 'll be pleased to see ye."

In the third-class carriage which conveyed them from Salisbury were several happy couples, two of whom were newly-married, while another pair were "coortin'." Zachary looked on at the amenities which passed from one to the other, with a gratified smile.

"They do all seem so happy as anything, don't they?" he whispered in Honesty's ear.

"So they do," agreed she, smiling, and interested too.

"There is but us two what's out of it," continued Zachary under his breath.

"I don't know how ye can say that, Mr. Shart!" exclaimed she. "I am sure we've been happy enough."

He glanced at her oddly.

"To be sure, so we have," he agreed after a pause. He said no more, and Honesty, fearful lest she should have been guilty of a lapse of good taste, gazed quickly out of the window, her ever ready blushes stealing over her face. She did not know why Zachary had looked at her like that; he might ha' said summat anyhow, just to pass the thing off. Surely he could not have imagined that she meant by her innocent remark to intimate that their attitude towards each other in any way resembled that of the loving couples about them? When she looked round after a long interval she found that Zachary was gazing straight before him, with his lips screwed up in whistling form though no sound came from them.

It was quite dark when they reached Templecombe, and he took her by the arm briskly.

"Now then, us 'ull have to toddle," he remarked. "Perhaps old Granny Frizzle's kettle won't be b'iling, and us mid have to wait while she pops it on. It'll only be fair to give the poor old lady time to do her best for us."

Across the line they went, down one road, up another, then through a tiny garden gate to where an old-fashioned cottage stood a little away from its fellows.

"Ye wouldn't think to look at this place that 'tis within a hundred yards from where the London trains do stop a dozen times a day," said Zachary in a ruminating tone. "And the Bath trains do fly through—dear, dear! And yet the old body what lives here don't mind no more nor if it were a flock of sheep goin' by."

Slow steps crossed the room within, and the door opened, an old woman's head peering through the aperture.

"Well, Granny," cried Zachary jovially. "I've come round again, without my van this time, but with a young lady."

"Dear, to be sure, you'm kindly welcome, both of you," said Mrs. Frizzle, opening the door wider and stepping back. "'Tis a martial long time since you called round, Mr. Shart. You'll have a cup o' tea, won't ye?"

"Thank ye. Miss Cuff there, she's pinin' for a cup o' tea."

"Well, kettle's b'llin.' I allus keep it b'llin' Bank Holiday time, so many folks is travellin' the roads. And I've a-got a nice muffin as I'll toast up in a minute."

"Let me do that, ma'am," cried Honesty. "I can be warming my hands at the same time."

"Do 'ee, my dear, if ye'll be so good. I be fair scraggled with rheumatics and can't stoop so very well. But take off your jacket, else ye'll be for catchin' cold when ye do go out again."

Honesty pulled off her coat, and spying the toasting fork hanging on its nail by the fire, and the muffin standing on a plate on the dresser, possessed herself of both and knelt down by the hearth.

"She's a sprack one, jist about," commented the old woman admiringly. "Miss Cuff did ye say, Mr. Shart? I thought she was maybe your second."

Honesty did not dare to turn her head, and scarcely knew whether to be relieved or piqued when she heard Zachary respond, in what sounded like an unemotional tone:—"Ees, I did say Miss Cuff."

"Then I'll go warrant she won't be Miss Cuff for long," said Granny Frizzle, chuckling. "I d' 'low you've very good taste, Mr. Shart. 'Tis as likely a maid as ever I did see. I can compliment ye."

"I think," observed Zachary, "your kettle's jist goin' to bile over."

"Take it off then, do, there's a good

man. I've a-got your own little teapot here, what ye did give me for nothin' along o' the spout bein' chipped. Mercy me, a chipped spout don't matter when 'tis a vitty little pot. I thought ye *was* good-natured to let me have it for nothin'."

"I couldn't find it in my conscience to take money for damaged goods," rejoined Zachary. "I'm not so good-natured as all that comes to. Do ye mind I wouldn't bate a penny off them plates?"

"No, ye wouldn't, that's true," agreed she. "Not so much as a penny, though I did think them dear, mind ye. But the teapot made up for that."

"That's my way o' doin' business," said Zachary, turning to Honesty. "I do charge full value for a thing what I know is worth the money, but I don't charge nothin' at all for them as baint. I'm the same wi' folks as wi' things; show me an honest man or a good maid an' I do think the world on 'em—I don't make no count at all o' the other sort o' folks. I'm afeared you're a-burnin' of that muffin, Miss Honesty."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," cried Honesty, jumping up quickly, "there is but the least bit o' one corner singed. I do hope as ye'll not despise it along o' its bein' a little bit damaged," she added archly.

The other two laughed and applauded the sally, and Zachary admitted that his principles did not carry him so far as that.

"But," he went on, wagging his head, "if it had a-been done through carelessness, along o' ye not takin' the trouble to look what ye was about, it mld have been another story. My poor missus! many's the time we had words on p'int's like that. When she did let porridge burn along o' not takin' the trouble to stir it, I'd go wi'out my breakfast sooner nor touch it. 'Ees, many's the time I've gone wi'out my

breakfast! It did use to make her mad, poor soul, but as I did use to say to her, 'tis my natur' to be that way. Now, Miss Honesty, I don't want to hurry ye, but we've just sixteen minutes left to take our tea and run back to station."

The conversation which ensued was necessarily of a scrappy character, and presently the meal being finished Zachary said farewell, leaving a shilling, as though by accident, beside the clock on the mantelpiece, and assuring Mrs. Frizzle that he would soon be calling round with his van, and she would then be at liberty to rummage round and see if she could pick up any more bargains.

The remainder of the journey was uneventful. Zachary was silent for the most part, but whistled softly to himself from time to time. If Honesty chanced to be gazing out of the window, she had an odd consciousness of his eyes being fixed upon her; yet as soon as she glanced round she always found Zachary looking straight before him with his mouth screwed up in a soundless whistle.

The brisk walk from the station, along the moonlit way, was exhilarating after sitting so long in the train. The frosty surface of the road crackled under their feet, and the quick motion sent the blood tingling through their veins. There was no wind, but the air was very crisp and keen, and each little rime-covered twig and leaf stood up motionless save for its frosty sparkling.

Zachary scarcely spoke, however, until they reached the cottage door, where he paused a moment to say:

"I hope ye did have a happy day, Miss Honesty."

"Indeed, I have—jist about, Mr. Shart. Won't ye step in?"

"Well, jist for a moment to see how your mother do find herself."

Mrs. Cuff appeared to find herself

ill enough. She was crouching over the hearth, her apron pressed to her eyes, and sobbing in a heartbroken way that filled her daughter with alarm.

"Mother, whatever's to do? Is your head that bad? Dear to be sure, I ought never to ha' left you."

"Nay, maide, nay," said Mrs. Cuff, dropping her apron and turning round a tear-swollen face. "It's nothin' to do wi' your goin'. 'Tis Father what has gone an' done for hisself as I allus knowed he would."

"Done for hisself!" ejaculated Zachary, while Honesty remained speechless.

"You was right, Honesty, love," went on the poor woman, sobbing. "You was quite right to say he'd put the Reverend out o' patience one o' these days. 'Tis the very thing he've a-done now, and he've got marchin' orders. But there, my maid, however could ye have told that spiteful Mrs. Fripp about Father not bein' able to ring bell night afore last?"

"I said he wasn't so well," faltered Honesty. "I couldn't think what to do, Mother. I couldn't ever ha' thought she'd ha' carried the tale to Mr. Harvey."

"'Tis the very thing she done though, or anyhow the tale come out through her. The Reverend he come down here ragin', an' Father—well, Father had been 'avin' a glass or two, an' he answered him back, and the long and short of it is he's got notice."

A fresh burst of sobs marked the conclusion of this pitiful tale, and Honesty sobbed too.

"What is to become of us? What-ever is to become of us?"

"I'm sure I don't know whatever is to become of us," agreed Mrs. Cuff, glad to give the pent-up agony of the day an outlet, even at the expense of her daughter's feelings.

"Father's not so likely to get work

when 'tis known he's turned away from the Vicarage for drunkenness. 'Ees, the Reverend didn't spare Father's feelings. 'Even if I was to pass over this matter I couldn't under no circumstances employ a man of your intemperate habits.' That's what he did say plain to Father. And Father he couldn't deny the intemperance. 'Twas so much as he could do to stand straight while the Reverend were a-talkin' to him."

"Where's father now?" asked Honesty. She glanced a little impatiently at Zachary, as though anxious for him to be gone. But far from taking the hint, that good man drew forward a chair and seated himself, preparing with respectful sympathy to listen to further details.

"Where's Father now? Where do ye think, my dear—where's he likely to be? Run back so quick as he could to Red Lion to add a bit more to his score there, an' us wi' scarce a penny saved! I'm sure I don't know what ever we'll do," she added, bursting into fresh tears. "Father out o' work, not a penny laid by, and three mouths to feed."

"Not three," said Zachary, holding out his hand suddenly. "It needn't be three, Mrs. Cuff, if Miss Honesty 'ull give her consent to a notion I've been turnin' over in my mind."

Honesty looked toward him with a gasp; he was still seated, and his palm still extended. Putting both her hands behind her she made a little backward spring, but did not speak.

Mrs. Cuff gazed at Zachary in an expectant way as he hastened to make his meaning clear.

"I've been thinkin' o' it ever since I rung the church bell for ye," continued he at length, dropping his hand. "I did think of it all day yesterday and to-day. Lord ha' mercy on me, how I *did* think o' it to-day when we see'd all them folks carryin' on wi' their

sweetheartin.' 'But,' says I to myself, 'it'll not do to say anythin' o' that kind till we get home again.' I didn't want to say nothin' to take ye by surprise, ye know, and maybe frighten ye an' sp'ile your day. Ye see me bein' trusted wi' the care o' ye I did have to be very partic'ler."

"I'm sure that was very kind an' thoughtful of ye," said Mrs. Cuff, still gazing at him in a half-dazed way; "and what did ye say ye were thinkin' of?"

"Why, that if Miss Honesty here 'ud be willin' to take me, I'd be a good husband to her," said Zachary. "I'm not so young as she mid look for, but 'tisn't always the young men as is kindest. She'd not find a kinder man nowhere nor me. All as man could do I'd do for her. I'd take care of her and love her true. I do love her true already. I did love her from the first minute I did meet her. I'd see as she was properly comfortable, Mrs. Cuff; I'd make it my object in life to gratify her wishes in every way what lay in my power."

"I'm sure nobody could speak more handsome," said poor Mrs. Cuff, "and it 'ud be a great weight off my mind to know as ye was well provided for, Honesty, my dear."

"What 'ud ye do wi'out me?" said Honesty, in a strangled voice. "Ye can scarce get along as it is wi' me here to look arter ye."

"Oh, I'd manage someways. I could bide wi' Alice a bit maybe, while Father was lookin' for work. I d' 'low ye'd 'ave to go to service anyhow, Honesty, love, and ye midn't fancy service so much, and anyway it couldn't be so nice as a home o' your own."

"And I'd bring ye to see your mother often," said Zachary. "I'd make it my business to bring the van round this way as often as I possibly could, ye may be sure o' that."

"But I don't know ye," said Honesty, bursting into tears, and throwing out her two little hands as though to ward off an attack. "Mother, I do think it cruel of ye to want me to give my promise to a stranger, and him old enough to be my father."

"'Tis true, 'tis true, Mrs. Cuff," said Short. "I don't want the maid hurried no-how. Give her time to think—give her time to see if she can't take to the notion."

"And where shall us find ourselves meanwhile?" retorted Mrs. Cuff, sombrely. "In the workhouse, perhaps."

"Well, well, said Zachary, "I'm sure I don't know what to advise." He sat staring at the fire and ruminating. "I were hoping ye mid take to me, Miss Honesty. I be a deal older nor you, I'll not deny it, but forty isn't old. I do love ye so well as if I were twenty, and I tell ye the love of a man of forty is more like to last nor the fancy of a young chap. Us wasn't such bad friends to-day, was us?"

"No," said Honesty, faintly.

"And I've a kind o' a notion ye liked me well enough?"

"I do like ye," returned she. "'Tis the thought o' gettin' married all in a minute what do take my breath away—tyin' myself up for life to a man what I don't know."

"'Ees," he agreed, dispassionately. "I can see your p'int o' view, Miss Honesty, and I'd be glad if us could do w/out hurryin' ye—I hadn't no thought o' hurryin' ye when the notion first come to me, but there, it's terr'ble awkward your father goin' an' gettin' hisself turned off like this."

"I've no patience w/ ye, Honesty," cried Mrs. Cuff, querulously. "If ye had knowed Mr. Shart six months it wouldn't ha' made no difference. A body can see what sort o' man Mr. Shart is in six hours. I don't know as there's much advantage to be gained

by knowin' a man a long time. Father courted me seven year an' look how that's turned out, not but what," she added with a spasm of remorseful loyalty, "I'd be unwillin' to change Father for any other man in the world. He has but the one fallin', and I knowed what that was before I married him."

"Perhaps Mr. Shart has got a fallin' o' some kind too," said Honesty, "and I don't know it. If I did agree for to marry him I mid find out summat what I didn't like at all, and then it 'ud be too late."

Zachary got up and stood with his back to the hearth so that he faced her. His face was thoughtful, almost troubled.

"It be quite true what the maid do say, Mrs. Cuff," he observed. "She mid very well find summat about me what she don't like after we are married. I have my faults like another man." He reflected for a moment and then went on, addressing the girl herself. "But I'll say this, maldie. I can look any man in the face, an' woman too. I don't drink—I don't use any bad language—he broke off, meditating again. "I won't say but what if folks don't deal straight w/ me I'm not a bit nasty—'Ees, I'll own to that—I'm a bit nasty at times."

Honesty looked at him with interest and a little fear, but it was Mrs. Cuff who spoke.

"Nasty in your temper, do you mean, Mr. Shart? Ye wouldn't—well, ye don't drink and ye don't swear—ye wouldn't, I'm sure, be the kind of man as 'ud knock about—"

She broke off.

"Knock about my wife," cried he, finishing the sentence. "Mercy me, Mrs. Cuff; well there, I didn't think ye could ha' imagined such a thing."

"I didn't really imagine it," she said hastily. "'Twas along o' ye talkin' that way o' yourself. O' course, a man

Isn't a hangel, an' the best o' mankind 'ud nag a bit sometimes. Any young woman 'ud have to put up wi' that."

Zachary shook his head.

"I'm not one what is given to naggin'," he said. "There, 't isn't once in six years I do lose my temper, but when I do I'll not deny I'm a nasty one to deal with."

"Well, well," rejoined Mrs. Cuff. "Anybody mid fly out now an' then, but ye can make it up arter, and then it 'ull be 'Forgive an' forget.'"

"That's jist the point," said Zachary, slowly. "I'm not one as finds it easy to forgive and I don't never forget."

He broke off, resuming after a pause, in a low tone meant for Honesty's ear alone. "But I'd never 'ave no need to forgive you anythin', Miss Honesty. When I did see ye comin' up belfry stairs on Christmas eve with the lantern shinin' in your face, I did think it looked like the face of an angel. I did think to myself 'that maid's an angel,' and so ye be. Now, I'll tell ye what'll I'll do. I'll go travellin' off again to-morrow, an' while I'm away ye can see if you can't get used to the notion, an' ye can write round to the folks what knows me, and ye

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(To be continued.)

can see what kind of a character they give ye. There's the Rector o' Branscombe, he knows I from a boy, and old Maister Tufnell, as has the big dairy farm round by Newton, he knows me an' all my folks. 'Ees, I can make out a list for ye and ye can write round and see what they have to say. I'll tell ye one thing, there's no man livin' as has anythin' again me. And I can come back in a week's time and see if ye can make up your mind anyways. Will that do ye?"

"'Ees," said Honesty, "that'll do me, if Mother will agree to let me think it over by myself. I don't want a word said to Father—not till I've a-made up my mind; and I can manage better if Mother 'ull promise not to talk to me about it. Just let me bide quiet so as I can keep my mind clear."

"Well, that's reasonable enough," returned Short. "You'll agree to that, I'm sure, Mrs. Cuff."

"Oh, 'ees, I'll agree to anything as the maid wishes for," said Mrs. Cuff, dismally.

"Then I'll call back for my answer in a week," announced Short, rising.

"I'll be ready to give it ye in a week," said Honesty.

STYLE.

The English word "style" is full of interest to all who look in words for something more than a mere mosaic of letters, and who find in words a record of man's developments. For language, oral or written, is the shorthand of thought and emotion. Etymology traces back our English word "style" to the little dagger used for writing on the waxen surface of the tablet; but practically in later times the word has connoted several groups of meaning, from the architectural

tastes of successive eras and the manner characteristic of this or that artist or writer to the style of the tennis player, or the fashion of the moment in men's or women's habiliments. In this last sense the literary critic may find, if he will, some useful analogies.

In literature "style" is sometimes used vaguely as if it were synonymous with "tone," or at least as if it included what is meant properly by that word. But the two things are distinct. Highly important as style is, it stands

on a lower level than tone, it concerns itself not with the character of what is said but with the manner of saying it. Connected they are, closely and intimately. So far as a writer is not hindered by insincerity or affectation, his thoughts, colored by his likings and dislikings, clothe themselves in suitable phrasing; but they lie deeper in his nature than his manner of uttering them, just as the "timbre" of his voice is more really the man himself than his articulation.

Tone and style are two things, not one. The tone, for instance, of Browning is very fine; his style is another thing. The tone of a writer may be cynical, flippant, morbid, or it may be hopeful and healthy, and this difference may, to a certain extent, impart a flavor to the style; but the style is not the same thing as the tone which prompts it. His style is the reflection in the mirror of the man; his tone is the man himself. By style is meant what is more extrinsic to the man, more largely a part of his art; by tone is meant what is more essentially his character. A writer's style, like the sort of dress that he wears, may show something of his character, but, properly speaking, style is mainly the choice and arrangement of words.

If we believe Matthew Arnold, the one excellence which decides whether a book shall or shall not win a place among "the Immortals" is style. Unless the word is to have a meaning far more extensive and intensive than it is entitled to have, the pronouncement, though it comes from the chief critic of the generation now passing away, is inadmissible. For style, if we analyze it, resolves itself into the choice of the right words and the right arrangement of them. It is the way of saying, not what is said, and though, like the expression upon the face, it may often indicate what lies beneath, it is essentially on the surface a thing,

which may quite conceivably be picked up secondhand, like a lesson in the minuet. *Le style, c'est l'homme* is only true if we allow that the tailor makes the man. Is it not tone, rather than style, which is the real test of a lasting fame? It is the "timbre" of the voice, in singer or speaker, that haunts one persistently and lives on in our recollection. As it arrests attention at the first, so it recalls it afterwards. For the tone, sympathetic or selfish, is a deeper, a more inward thing, than mere skill in using the voice. It is the voice itself. It is a surer indication of the personality than an accomplishment which can be acquired by art. It is the outcome of emotions, strong or feeble, of intellect, clear or cloudy, of a Will dominant or vacillating and inert. It has been said that manner is the most important thing in the world next to morality, and certainly a good manner goes a long way in influencing those who come under the spell of it. If a writer's style may be compared to his habilliment, the tone of the writer is the man; it is much more germane to what he has to say than the choice and arrangement of his language. For instance, in Defoe's lifelike narrative of the Plague it is not the style, though that fits the subject all round, but the intense reality of the tone which holds the listener spellbound all the time.

The vocabulary, which he has at his command, cannot but tell on a writer's or speaker's style. A poor vocabulary, for instance, makes a jejune and meagre style; a rich and copious supply of words gives more elasticity and freedom; and yet style is more than the mere choice of words, though variety and fitness of language have a great deal to do with a good style. To be exact, style is the choice and arrangement of words, their juxtaposition and sequence. Does this look, at the first glance, like an undue narrowing of what is meant by style, an alto-

gether unworthy and inadequate conception of what we all recognize as a very potent influence? Much depends in every art on arrangement.¹ In a picture, the harmony of coloring, the play of light and shade, the vista, the perspective, the atmosphere, whence comes all this but from skill in arrangement? In music, as John Henry Newman asked more than half a century ago in well-known words, whence comes the subtle spell but from the arrangement of some seven or eight notes? So in literary composition. If the words themselves are as the features of the face taken separately, the *tout ensemble* is far more significant, far more attractive or repellent than the features one by one. Besides, in all attempts at definition the lines of demarcation drawn so confidently by the hand of man have no real counterpart in the nature of things. Man in his arts and sciences draws lines and limits for his own convenience, but in the world around him forms and hues pass one into another gradually, imperceptibly. Words are only what they are, signs and symbols; and the dexterous manipulation of them may sink into mere sleight of hand. Nevertheless they are the vehicle of thought and passion. Two persons gazing at the same landscape may both alike hear clearly in themselves what it says. One may have the words by which to reproduce it all in speech. The other is dumb.

Verbal accuracy is obviously indispensable for all who make any pretension to literary excellence; and this might surely be taken for granted, were it not that even great writers are at times careless of grammar, and, more often, of what is graceful in composition. Perhaps the exigencies of a

¹ National character shows itself in the order of words in a sentence; e. g. Roman and Teuton reserve the strongest word for last; the Greek and Gallic order of words is more flexible.

sentence, as it runs, cannot be satisfied without the trouble of recasting it; perhaps the right word is not ready in a moment; perhaps the temptation to startle is too strong to be resisted; and so from laziness or affectation a non-descript word is coined for the occasion, or a sentence is allowed, if not to violate ordinary rules of construction, to be awkward and slovenly. If a phrase is ungrammatical, if it is clumsy, ungraceful, no amount of precedent can make it right.

Haste or laziness² have much to answer for in a slovenly way of writing. It is so easy to turn a verb into a noun—"a find," "an invite," "an exhibit"—or, vice versa—"atmosphered in smoke," "these creatures function differently"; so easy to make an intransitive verb masquerade as transitive—"to spring a surprise on some one," "to rush a barrier," etc.—or to coin "conditioned" by the simple process of tacking "ed" onto the substantive—all these hand-to-mouth expedients save a moment's time and trouble. It is careless to string adverbs³ together, as "perfectly boldly," etc., or even to sink into colloquial bathos, as "pretty frequently." There is some excuse for the poet in the exigencies of his metre, when Matthew Arnold writes, "O! Where Thy Voice *doth* come," and Clough writes "*faints not nor falleth*"; but a very little thinking would avoid the incongruity.

It is easier to coin a new word than to search for the right one in the existing vocabulary. New words must, of course, be invented, as the occasion arises. *Licuit semperque licebit*. But there are two limitations to this license. There must be real need of the new-comer; and it must not be a philologi-

² In translating into English from a foreign language, is it well to mix the two languages together, as "Count of Chambord," etc.?

³ The adverb is most emphatic when it comes last: "*Perīda, sed quamvis perīda, cara tamen.*" Custom now runs the other way.

cal abortion, like "autocar," "cablegram," "flotation," "betterification," etc. Where is the need of "thinkable," while we have already "conceivable"? Why should a writer whose English is usually so pure—J. H. Newman—invent "to sane" with "to heal" close at hand? Some of the anomalous verbals, which spring up like mushrooms, "reliable," "regrettable," etc., are, to say the least, a puzzle to foreigners.* That ugly little word "it's" is very rarely, if ever, to be found in "the Well of English undefiled," the Authorized Version of our English Bible. Carlyle eschewed "it's," substituting "of it." A solecism, now in vogue, is our habitual misuse of "article." Etymologically the word is right for a clause in a treaty or a creed. Popularly "article" is something handed over the counter, or left in a cloakroom. How it means a short essay is one of fashion's freaks. The editorial "we" is more reasonable: the writer speaks for his confrères. But the "we" comes in oddly sometimes—"We remember seeing Canine, when we were a child." Sometimes what seems at first sight merely a verbal inaccuracy conveys a false meaning—"Under the circumstances" implies that man lies prostrate under external things. Why not "in the circumstances"? Another rock ahead, to be shunned by the voyager, is the mixed metaphor. Years ago Grattan declaimed about "taking off the mask and disclosing the cloven foot." One of our best authors wrote the other day, "The Trend of the argument is flavored with," etc. Even Tennyson, generally most careful, speaks of rising "on stepping-stones, etc., to higher things"; as if stepping-stones across a brook were the rungs of a ladder. Sometimes the finer shadings, which differentiate cognate terms from one

another, are disregarded; for instance, mercy is not identical with pity, nor complacent with complaisant; to disparage is more aggressive than to depreciate.

Is not pleonasm too prevalent? If anyone reads over a letter or a page in a diary, how many words might be struck out without any loss in any way. When an embassy from the East came to Sparta about a subsidy, the envoys, wishing to imitate laconic terseness, only said, holding out their pouch, "Give to the pouch?" "You waste the words 'to the pouch,'" was the reply. Without being so very parsimonious of words, all must admit that any superfluity of words weakens, not intensifies, the meaning. What is the good of the stereotyped formula, "Here it may be remarked," or "It may not be amiss here to add," or other pointless verbiage? Someone excused a lengthy speech on the plea that he had not time to make it shorter. The same fault shows itself in a more minute way. "In so far as" is a clumsy amplification of "So far as." To "allow of," to "permit of," to "ponder on," to "seize on" something—to "chide at" (Browning), to "spurn at" (Froude) someone—in these and other such instances the preposition is not required. We say, "What did they do?" "equally as good as," "manifestly evident," "we could have wished to have done it." As if to redress the balance, we often omit the relative and the preposition when really needed; for example, we say, "The blood (which) he shed," "The noise of the storm and (of) the crowd." The limpidity of French literature sets us a better example.

There are certain principles, applicable to style generally, which have been laid down as fundamentally necessary. The old precept of the wisest of philosophers can never be superseded: the style, whatever may be the subject,

* A standard Dictionary should not admit claimants for admission indiscriminately, should mark off legitimate from illegitimate uses of a word.

must be clear; else few, if any, will take the trouble to find out the meaning. Again, whatever the subject-matter, whatever the circle of hearers or readers to be addressed, the style must suit itself to it and to them. In short, the style must fit the occasion, as a well-made dress fits the person; not embarrassing the free action of the limbs; not drawing to itself by excessive adornment the attention which should be given to what it drapes; emphasizing graces of detail and of proportion; revealing charms yet suggesting more than it reveals; diaphanous as the lucid stream, which ripples over the pebbles shining below it, or as a page of Fenelon. But beyond this it is not easy to frame rules which shall be of use all round.

Nothing more to the point has been said on style than John Wesley's highly characteristic advice to his preachers: "Aim at perspicacity, purity, propriety, strength and ease." Good taste shrinks from everything tawdry, meretricious; even Quakerly simplicity is better than verbosity. Some writers (Gibbon and Freeman, for instance) acquire the habit of continual periphrasis. A person or a place or an incident is mentioned allusively, and the reader wants the name; a rhetorical artifice like this becomes cloying.

John Bright, greatest of modern orators since Sheridan's Begum speech in the Trial of Warren Hastings, kept himself, like Cobbett, as far as he could, to a purely English phraseology, avoiding Latinisms. But this is to narrow unduly the capabilities of our very composite language, and to refuse to avail oneself of the wealth and variety of its resources. There is room enough in writing English for what comes to us from foreign speech, as well as for the strictly vernacular. Milton's prose could not be what it is, would lose much of its stately magnificence, if he had rejected whatever was

not home-grown. There is a time, an occasion, for all the many elements of our language. Each is good in the right place. And, after all, there is no inherent superiority in "the go-through-someness of stuff" over "the penetrability of matter."

One cause, a main cause, why even among those most competent to decide, it would be difficult to get anything like unanimity in favor of any particular author's style as best, is the diversity of subjects. On all æsthetic questions, not only in the crowd but among the few, diversity of tastes is a by-word. You cannot well compare St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, Notre-Dame and the Madeleine, St. Peter's and Milan or Cologne. Each in its own way is admirable: we cannot reduce them to a common measure. The world would be poorer if we could. Similarly it is possible to recognize the very diverse merits of, say, Jeremy Taylor and Marion Crawford without attempting to co-ordinate things not on the same plane. Narrative, disquisition, hortation, for instance, each asks for a different handling; each requires a different pace. The movement is quick, unpausing, in narration; more deliberate in disquisition; alternates in oratory from fast to slow. Again, the subdivisions of each subject have to be taken into account. For example, the historian of ancient Rome, in passing from legend to history, naturally passes (as did Arnold) from the style of a prose-ballad to the style of *The Times* of to-day.

Idiosyncrasies of character tell even more than variety of subjects in their influence on style. No two persons are cast in the same mould. Clearly, therefore, the dress which is very becoming to one writer or speaker may be very unbecoming to another. Yet, to the end of time, in defiance of this truism, packs of imitators dog the steps of genius, as the courtiers of

Alexander copied the conqueror's wry neck, or the courtiers of George IV his bulking cravats, or as the under carter apes the slouch and shamble of the wagoner. The peculiar style in which Carlyle clothed his oracular utterances suited him and them, the jerkiness and joltiness of his sentences startling the world into attention, and the difficulty of unwrapping the mummy from the cerecloths necessitating the effort of Will, without which the thought cannot be grasped. In fact, the style of Carlyle is part of the man and of his temperament. But it was good advice of the dying critic to his friend, "Avoid Carlylese." And what is true of Carlyle and his copyists is true widely. Can any great writer be named who has not had a herd of servile imitators at his heels? Is not the old saying doubly, trebly true in this application, "The best, if corrupted, becomes the worst"?

In the prose writers of every age and every nation a broad distinction presents itself between a tightly woven style and a style easy and flowing, as the peplon of Hellas. It is the old contrast between the closely plaited sentences of the historian of the Peloponnesian War and the chatty ripple of Herodotus, between the massive solidity of modern German prose, the *net-teté* of France, or the reposeful grace, the flexible spontaneity of Italy. It is the contrast between heavy cannon and the sharp rattle of musketry, between the close and the open formation of a battalion. In our own literature we have had the ponderous sledge-hammer of Johnson's rounded periods and the swift flashes of rapier, more congenial to modern life, of Hume, Addison, Thackeray. In some degree Macaulay and Goldwin Smith combine this stiffness and this dexterity, this Teutonic insistence with Gallic lucidity; but an epigram in almost every line cloy, and the perpetual

glitter becomes wearisome. There are, too, and ever will be, styles which defy the attempt to classify and label them; they have merits and demerits inalienably their own; even while they attract imitation they make it impossible. Who is there, for instance, on this side of the Channel who can reproduce the clever but at times tiresome badinage of Matthew Arnold?

There are three canons which may safely be suggested not without some hope of general acceptance, notwithstanding the clash of critical opinions on style.

The style must be natural; it must grow out of the subject as a rose out of its stalk; and, so far as art intervenes, whatever embellishment is added, this also must grow out of the occasion, just as a wise architect subordinates ornament to utility. The elaboration in De Quincey, for example, and in Walter Pater, spoils what might have been a good style, reminding one of the affectation and priggish conceits of Donne or of the Euphuists. *Ars est celare artem*. Often it is noticeable in oratory that women speak more fluently, more agreeably, than men. The cause is not hard to find. They speak more naturally. It is often noticeable that the prose which comes to us from our cousins across the Atlantic, from Prescott, Motley, Washington Irving, Lowell, and others not a few, has a special charm. Is not the cause of this the naturalness of the style? The secret of John Henry Newman's power in the pulpit lay partly in the severe simplicity of his style, and in the contrast of this to the pompous rhetoric of the Georgian era. In brief, though a good style has polish, there is no trace of the file. Nor must there be any redundancy of embellishment; there must be no tinsel trappings, no frippery. Often in oratory and in literature generally the "beauty un-

adorned" is really "adorned the most."

Nothing shows the touch of the true artist more than the choice of epithets. He does not splash them broadcast on his canvas. They must be not only specially appropriate but also suggestive of something else. Thus Wordsworth's "trampling waves" and Shakespeare's "leaden hum" and "ruffian billows" call up vivid imagery with a strong yet subtle resemblance.

Another canon which can hardly be questioned is that the style must have a beauty in itself, quite apart from the interest of what it conveys. The style must be such as not merely to bear inspection but to invite it; and must be such that one lingers over it lovingly. *Will the passage bear reading again?* The introductions, which usher in most of the *Waverley* novels, might be tedious, were it not for the charm of Scott's manner, the manner of a first-rate raconteur. Marion Crawford, of our present-day novelists comes nearest to this fascination of style. Robert Louis Stevenson would perhaps have reached it had he lived longer. In a different way Thomas Hardy in his photographic delineations of Wessex, has a tense raciness of style which makes the second or third reading of *Far from the Madding Crowd* better than the first.

The last canon which we venture to suggest is that the passage must gain, not lose, by being read aloud. There must be a measured tread, a latent music, a rhythmical cadence like the fall of waves on the shore. The prose which comes from the pens of poets is, as a rule, very fine; for instance, the prose of Milton, Cowper, Scott, Southey and Hartley Coleridge; it pleases the ear, and through the ear entrance is won into the citadels of brain and heart. If we may borrow an illustration from what is almost a lost art, familiarity with Horace is a passport to writing good

Latin prose. A good style is good for ear, eye, brain and heart.

It is no mere trick of technique, it comes naturally in a fine passage the juxtaposition in the same sentence of very long and very short words.* So in Macbeth we have

"To incarnadine the multitudinous sea
And make the green one red."

So in Tennyson—

"The moan of doves in immemorial
elms
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

A sentence where the liquid letters preponderate charms the ear. But no rules of technique avail without emotional glow, intelligence deep and yet clear, and the grip of the Will.

After all, the use of rules, as in every art, so especially in literature, is to fence off faults, not to point the way. No good picture, no beautiful symphony, ever came from mere adherence to rules. A teacher of elocution may help his pupil to avoid faults, but he does harm if he aims at more than showing how not to do it. But it is an exaggeration—have not some of our foremost critics been guilty of it?—to disparage rules in literature. Technique cannot be disregarded with impunity.

Even things very trivial help to make or mar a good style. The reiteration, which Macaulay loved, of the same phrase slightly varied, drives the nail in, but too much of it is irksome. Alliteration, which seems to be older than rhyme, often enhances prose or verse, especially if it seems unintended, but it may be overdone, as in Mr. Myer's fine poems. Good prose is musical; it has a metrical cadence akin to blank verse. The famous sentence which leads off Livy's *History of Rome* is only one instance out of many, how apt prose is to lapse into metre. One

* In Hood's exquisite stanzas, "We watched her breathing through the night," most of the lines are monosyllabic.

finds a homelier instance in the great actress at the dinner-table. "I asked for water, page," Mrs. Siddons said, "you brought me wine." Bad rhymes, in verse, are a sin against technique. "Only, slowly," "tune, moon," "erred, buried," one ought not to find such carelessness in S. T. Coleridge, Longfellow, Clough. A greater still, Browning, offends too often thus—"first, worst," "earth, worth," etc. Pegasus ought not to smash his harness: it is bad example for steeds of inferior breed. The laws of scansion are not defied so often. Even unmusical ears

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may have a sense of time. But is "power" really a dissyllable? "And not for power—power of itself."

Utterly hopeless as it must be to look for anything like unanimity on a question so many-sided, if someone must be named as pre-eminent in style among our writers of prose perhaps John Ruskin is the one. His theorizings, political, social, æsthetic even, may be forgotten, but it will be long before our literature boasts a Master of Prose like the author of *Modern Painters*.

I. Gregory Smith.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD.

It is with the profoundest regret that we record the death of William Blackwood, for more than thirty years the editor of this Magazine. To contributors and readers alike his death brings with it a consciousness of personal loss. How great that loss is to friends and contributors can be measured by them alone. Yet so closely bound up were his character and energies with the Magazine, which was in effect a clear expression of his tastes and preferences, that he seemed familiar to many who had never been privileged to count him among their friends or even to exchange a word with him.

Born at Lucknow in 1836, the son of a soldier, and the grandson of the founder of the publishing house, William Blackwood was educated to fill his destined place. After a sojourn at the University of Edinburgh, he spent some years at the Sorbonne and at Heidelberg, and when, in 1857, he joined the house of Blackwood, he had some knowledge of three literatures. Five years later his partnership was announced in a characteristic letter written by John Blackwood to Mrs. Oliphant. "Address your proof to

Willie, here," he wrote. "I have made him a partner in the old House this week, and I hope he will keep the colors flying when his aged Uncle has grown unfit for work." In 1879 John Blackwood died, and thenceforth William Blackwood was head of the business and editor of the Magazine. How valiantly he "kept the colors flying" is within the knowledge of us all.

He came to the editorial chair in an inauspicious moment. A parliamentary compulsion to read and write had sensibly lowered the standard of literary appreciation. He was faced by the new and unforeseen competition of popular magazines which flattered the eye as well as beguiled the mind of their readers. In 1878 John Blackwood, in a retrospect, vaunted with perfect justice the supremacy of his Magazine. "The Magazine began in 1817," he wrote, "and has held its own at the head of the field ever since. Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, when at the highest wave of their popularity, all started or were employed to start periodicals, but they never touched 'Blackwood.'" To strive with rivals who aim at an equal height of achieve-

ment is an honorable enterprise. It is a less satisfaction to combat adversaries of a lower ambition, and it is characteristic of William Blackwood that he made no concession to the shifting of popular taste. He upheld the dignified traditions of his house, he preserved unchanged the ancient policy, and it is the greatest of his triumphs that he leaves the Magazine as full of life and vigor as it was on the day when John Blackwood wrote his retrospect. Between the old and the new there is but one difference: while in John Blackwood's time all articles were anonymous, William Blackwood encouraged signing contributors. But he did not make this an occasion for trafficking in names. He did not pursue with feverish haste the idol of the moment, and it still remained the good fortune of the Magazine to make reputations, not to buy them ready-made.

The qualities of a good editor were innate in William Blackwood, and experience had vastly improved them. He was animated always by a consistent purpose. There is a continuity in the Magazine which you will hardly match in periodic literature. Alone of its kind, "Blackwood" has always had a policy, guided in the path of uniformity by its skilful editor. From the principles of a sound Toryism William Blackwood never wavered. He was fierce in attack, as he was staunch in support, and he never countenanced a strange opinion or encouraged a wayward fad from a love of novelty or extravagance. And as his purpose was consistent, so it was sustained by an intellectual honesty and courage, which are rare in the world. He had no fear of speaking what he believed to be the truth. He was no lover of half measures and twisted counsels. It was not his ambition to print merely the soft answer or the amiable reproof. His policy, in brief, was a fighting

policy; his intention, in which he never failed, was to see expressed in the pages of his Magazine the opinions upon life and letters which he believed to be just and right.

And he was a good editor, above all, because he understood better than any of his contemporaries the management of his staff. Where he found a contributor, he kept a friend. The relation of writer and editor is not always of the pleasantest. A lack of discipline on the one side, a hint of tyranny on the other, or, worse still, a reciprocal inhumanity, may make the position irksome, even untenable. We believe that none ever wrote an article for "Blackwood" without willingly coming under the sway of its editor. There was never an unnecessary obtrusion of business. To write was an office of friendship, generously rewarded; an obligation was felt and acknowledged on either side; the friendship remained firmly knit. In thus seeking a personal knowledge of his writers, William Blackwood was but following an honored custom of his house. His uncle and predecessor eloquently explained his theory of publishing at the Scott Centenary Banquet. "Much was said," he declared, "of quarrels between authors and publishers, but he was happy to say that they were not within his knowledge; on the contrary, he could tell a very different tale. Authors had been his dearest friends and companions all the days of his life." These happy words might have been repeated with perfect truth by William Blackwood, and this truth helps us to understand the conspicuous success of his editorship.

Having made his contributors his friends, he put complete trust in them. He did not ask them to do that which did not fall within their scope. Though fertile in suggestion, he knew them to be the best judges of their own possibilities, and he always turned a

ready ear to any project they might form. When he approved their work, he was most generous in appreciation. The letters which he wrote at the end of every month to his collaborators were masterpieces of their kind. He delighted to give his views concerning the current number and to invite the views of others. By this means he strengthened existing intimacies, and created a feeling of loyal co-operation which never died. And though, like the wise editor that he was, he refrained from writing himself, he saw with absolute clarity what kind of paper was suitable to his Magazine, he was a shrewd judge of literary worth, and he left his impress upon every number that was issued under his auspices.

This impress was various, like his mind. Though he entered the publishing house early in life, he was always a man of diverse interests. An intrepid sportsman, he rode to hounds for many years. He was passionately devoted to golf and cricket. A soldier's son, he had served in the Mid-Lothian Yeomanry Cavalry, and was a member of the Royal Company of Archers. Lucknow was his birthplace, and it was to India, where so many Blackwoods have found their career, that he turned always with enthusiasm. There is not one of these interests that was not conspicuous in his Magazine. The articles on sport have won the general admiration of sportsmen. No soldier need fear lest he should there find his affairs handled without sympathy and understanding. And surely there is no magazine that has painted more vividly the hardships and triumphs of Indian service than "Blackwood," and none that has been rewarded by a wider enthusiasm in the East and in the dominions overseas.

For more than half a century William Blackwood's life had been spent among men of letters. He had counted

among his friends George Eliot and Kinglake, Lever and the first Lord Lytton, Aytoun and Sir Theodore Martin the accomplished authors of "Bon Gaultier," Mrs. Oliphant and Charles Reade, Laurence Oliphant and Anthony Trollope. Though he outlived many of his friends, his mind never lost its freshness, the keen edge of his sympathy was never dulled. The interest and curiosity of his mind were unabated to the end, and none who was fortunate enough to enjoy his companionship will forget his quick humor and genial appreciation. He was of those whom, even in ill-health, age does not touch, and we shall always remember with satisfaction that he died while yet in harness, and was not asked to put off in his lifetime the cherished burden of his duties. The success of his editorship, his keen sense of literary merit, his eager appreciation, his resolve to respect always the highest standard,—these are known to his friends and his readers alike. His friends alone are permitted to prize the memory of his loyalty, his sincerity, his warm affection, his scrupulous sense of honor in life, letters, and politics.

And as we look back upon his career, it seems as though the success which he achieved was due not merely to his own good qualities, but to his reverence for tradition. He was a member of no mean house—the house of Blackwood. He was alertly conscious of the example which his forefathers had set. By birth and training he was fitted for the work which he was called to perform. He spoke with the voice of those who had gone before. The spirit of his ancestors breathed within him. To us he was a cherished friend whose sympathy and converse we know not how to over-praise. To himself he may have appeared sometimes a chapter in the history of his house. There are some businesses which en-

joy the rights and responsibilities of ancient lineage. Blackwood's is one of these. To a Blackwood a Blackwood always succeeds, and, as William Blackwood's Magazine.

Blackwood nobly maintained the heritage of the past, so it is in the assurance of a revered tradition that our sure hope of the future resides.

THE RUN ON FARRACOMBE'S.

The true inwardness of that stirring day last week, when Farracombe's nearly went smash, will, I dare say, never be known now, and I, for my part, don't care whether it is or not.

Mr. Sampson, the bank's solicitor, still inclines, with Mr. Bernard Farracombe, the managing partner, towards that large word "conspiracy." They fancy it was to some extent an engineered scare either on the part of the United Midland or the National Joint, or perhaps both—there is such a lot of competition in business, isn't there?—these much more important concerns, of course, hoping to scoop in our customers afterwards as easily as a grocer scoops sugar. They had both got tired of making overtures to us to amalgamate, and presumably meant to kill and eat us in their own way.

There was a board meeting this morning—present, Mr. Bernard, Mr. Sampson, old Mr. Barron (eighty-seven, with an ear-trumpet), middle-aged Mr. Farracombe (from London, in the latest tailor things and his single eyeglass), and sharp-nosed little Miss Mortimer, who had inherited a fifth share in the bank from her father, who married a Farracombe in George the Fourth's time, which proves her to be no chicken either.

I took some documents into the room in the midst of their talk, and caught Mr. Sampson waving his finger and mentioning the United Midland manager's name with a fierce expression. "How unkind of him!" squeaked little Miss Mortimer. Then they all shut

up briefly in my honor; and Mr. Bernard said, "Thank you, Westcott," with a sweet and cordial smile.

I didn't get back for about five minutes. They were all so pleased to see me again.

Mr. Sampson rose and put his hand on my shoulder. "Whatever forces were at work for our injury last Wednesday," he remarked in his most glowing board-room manner, "one thing is almost beyond question: we owe the preservation of our credit to this young man.—Well done, Mr. Westcott! Well done!"

"There's no doubt you are right, Sampson," said Mr. Bernard generously.

The buck Farracombe monocled me with a flattering air. "Capital idea, my boy!" he chuckled. "When the Germans come, you're the sort of young feller to—er—swill 'em back to the Fatherland, ships an' all."

Miss Mortimer's long nose pointed at me and shook like a twig in a breeze. I understood her to whisper that it was *so* clever of me, and that she could never have conceived such a bold thought herself.

Then she piped it into old Mr. Barron's trumpet that I was "the young resourceful employé of the bank who," etc.

"I think that will do, Westcott," said Mr. Bernard ere the old gentleman had fully grasped my importance. "We can't afford to turn your head. I hope I shall have some good news for you presently."

"Is Alderman Grandman better to

day, have you heard, Westcott?" called out Mr. Sampson when I was bowing myself forth.

"He's going on very nicely, sir," I replied as I retired and shut the door on his laughter, which didn't strike me as being in very good taste.

Back I went to the office, and told Ebbswith, my assistant at the counter, that the dons were still gnashing their teeth about the other two banks.

"Well, all I can say," said Ebbswith, "is that they're a pack of silly old fossils."

We had talked the mystery to death by this time, Ebbswith and I, and come to the same humble opinion. The evening before the rush a soap company's motor-wagon went amok in the market square, and played Old Harry with our windows; and in the late hours of that day we both heard newspaper-boys crying, "Farracombe's Bank smashed!" That sort of thing catches on to provincial nerves. Pebbleton isn't a brainy spot, and the agriculturals outside are even thicker-skulled than our townfolk. Although Mr. Bernard and Mr. Sampson wouldn't and won't see it, we both feel pretty sure that the rush of depositors and credit accounts which set in at ten o'clock next day (market-day, by rough luck), was due mainly to our broken windows and those loose-tongued young newspaper-rips. However, to return to the fateful Wednesday, as it was for me and the bank.

The fateful part in my case rather began on the Tuesday evening, about six o'clock, an hour before that wagon charged at our windows. Alderman Grandman, Elsie's father, met us at the King Street corner. I had just taken Elsie's arm to steer her past a perambulator, and she was laughing because the perambulator went over her toes nevertheless. It was a light pram, with a very small baby, and so she wasn't really hurt.

"Ho! what's this? You, Mr. Westcott, and *you*, Elsie?"

The old gentleman didn't like me then. Elsie had teased me previously with that information. It was one of the reasons, she said, why I had better not yet tell him I was in love with her. He glared at my guilty hand, then at the rest of me, and lastly at Elsie's smiling face, which hadn't any guilt on it.

"We happened to meet, sir," I said, with a great longing to tell him much more still.

But he didn't give me any chance of that.

"Indeed!" said he. "Indeed!" He eyed me as if I were fit stuff for the town's rubbish destructor—a recent installation at large cost—"You will come home with *me*, Elsie."

"With pleasure, papa," said Elsie.

She took his arm just as I had taken hers, smiled me a melodious little "Good-night," and away they went. The alderman was in an awful rage, too warm for more words. He gave me one other terrific look, and I wandered off to my "digs" feeling very flat. I hadn't much laugh in me when I heard those kids crying "Farracombe's Bank smashed!" and ascertained from a policeman that it was only a plate-glass smash.

A note from Elsie at breakfast the next morning started the great day vilely. She just wrote to say that papa *knew* now, and that perhaps I had better try to love some one else. "He hates you, dear—and what *is* to be done?" With these pretty words in my mind, I rammed on my hat and made for the bank. The best comfort I could get on the way was the hope that the alderman would have a fit soon and die, and leave Elsie to please herself. He is a seventeen-stone man, which supplied grounds for the hope.

Then came the excitement, and love took a back-seat for hours.

There was a crowd of forty or fifty folk at Farracombe's door; glaziers were mending the windows; a constable was grinning outside the crowd; Green, our porter, in his claret livery, was trying to jeer them into common-sense; and young Mowbray, the junior, was helping him.

"What's all this?" I asked.

"We want our money." "If they doors bain't open soon we'll bu'st 'em in." "Robbin' poor folks!" "Mr. Westcott, sir, do say it's false about the bank bein' broke!"

They made such a din and such ugly faces!

"Of course it's false, idiots!" I said, in answer to Mrs. Brabbins, a retired pork-butcher's wife, the appellant party. "You'll all get your money if you want to."

I ran round to the back entrance, and met Mr. Bernard coming down from his breakfast. We had a laugh together, and in ten minutes the doors were open and we got to work, Ebbswith and I.

It was pay, pay, as hard as we could, from half-past nine to half-past ten.

By ten o'clock Mr. Bernard had no laugh left in him. The pack of depositors grew larger. They struggled to get in, and couldn't.

At a quarter-past ten Mr. Bernard went off to the United Midland and the National Joint for additional cash, but got none.

When he returned, Mr. Sampson was trying to make the thickheads listen to him and be patient. But not they. Mr. Bernard's troubled face and whispers, first to Mr. Sampson and then to me, convinced them that we were bankrupt, and they became like hungry hyenas.

We truly were in difficulties—temporary ones. Our supply of ready cash was not more than the average, and another hour of this game and it would all be gone.

"I'm going to Birmingham for help, Westcott," said Mr. Bernard in my ear. "Hold out somehow until I return. I must rely on you. Anything you can think of to gain time—anything."

"Right, sir," said I; and on we went.

Mr. Sampson harangued himself hoarse. Green, trying to keep order in the pack, got his nose punched and his livery torn off. We paid slower and slower. The last bag of gold came out of the safe—a mere three thousand pounds—and disaster stared us in the face.

And then who should come fighting in, like a giant among pygmies, but Elsie's dad, with cheeks like pickled cabbage!

"Make way, there!" he shouted, louder than any of them, his white hat well back on his head, and a slip of paper in his hand.

I'm sorry to say it, but he didn't spare the women in his crush to the counter—my part.

"Mr. Westcott! Mr. Westcott!" he thundered, "cash this for me at once—in Bank of England notes."

Well, I was hot and tired enough before his coming, but he and his cheque were the limit. The cheque was for one thousand one hundred pounds. I looked at it, and then at him.

"Just a moment, sir," I said, and returned it to him.

Poor old Green had struggled to the glass door of Mr. Bernard's private room on the public side of the counter. There he stood, with a fine patch of bare shoulder showing through his torn shirt, guarding that approach to the bank's premises. He caught my eye, and was ready for me when I slipped from the office into the private room.

"Something startling's got to be done, sir," I whispered to Mr. Sampson in passing; and that something I quickly communicated to Green when I'd got him inside. The thought had

come to me a few minutes ago, and Elsie's father ripened it.

"Get out the hose, Green—quick!" I said. "See?"

He saw. It delighted him to see. He owed the crowd a debt of gratitude, and his eyes twinkled as he ran into the corridor. When he returned, with the swelling pipe in his hands (a two-inch nozzle and tremendous water-pressure), he found my preparations for a small bonfire in the manager's room complete. A few crumpled newspapers on the floor by the door, a match—and there we were!

Up went the flames!

"Now then," I said, opening the door, "let 'em have it!"

The next moment I was shouting to Pebbleton's fools to look out for themselves. "The bank's on fire, ladies and gentlemen! For your own sakes, clear!"

It was a gorgeous blaze, with every appearance of the real thing. Green hissed his stream through it into the midst of the crowd—head-high, neck-high, and waist-low. Ebbswith said it fountained up from them in sprays like the sea at a shell-practice. It *was* something like that. And then the scuffling and yells! They'd wanted their money just before; but they were still keener now in making sure of their lives. Hats, bonnets, all loose trifles at the right elevation, were swept from their fleeing heads and shoulders like straws in a hurricane.

In a very short time not an unofficial soul was left in the bank, and only their jetsam remained in the puddles on the floor to bear witness to them.

"Now close the door, Green," I commanded; and, with a bang, for the first time in its long career, Farracombe's was shut when it ought to have been open.

"Scales and Crewe" I next commanded two of the staff, "write out a

couple of notices as big as you can, 'Will reopen at one o'clock, certain,' and stick them in the windows. You might, for the look of the thing, turn the hose on the windows first, Green. It will also help the notices to stick."

Then I picked up the remarkable white beaver hat for which Elsie's father is famous, and smiled at Mr. Sampson.

"It was the only thing to do, sir, I'm afraid," I said.

Mr. Sampson shook hands with me across the counter.

"Desperate diseases, Mr. Westcott," said he. "It was smart of you. I hope it will serve its turn, and that Mr. Bernard will be back in time."

Mr. Bernard came back well to time, but until then we all sat tight behind our closed doors and let Pebbleton fuss and fret outside as it pleased.

He came back in a Birmingham motor-car, with thirty thousand pounds in notes and gold; and punctually at one o'clock we reopened and got to work again. We not only cashed cheques as before, but we distributed hats and bonnets and other toilet trifles to the recent sufferers, with apologies and easy smiles. We were all in good spirits now on our side of the counter. We even chaffed the sufferers, which astonished and soothed them so much that some of them chaffed back. Better still, an example was set which soon caught on. Certain of them loudly declared their confidence in Farracombe's stability, and went off without their money.

By three o'clock we were saved, and at half-past we shut the door at the usual time, with lots of cash still in hand; and Mr. Bernard said once more, "Good man, Westcott! This shall be remembered at the next board meeting."

At four I went home exhausted, taking Elsie's father's hat with me, and feeling depressed again about Elsie

herself; but otherwise crowned with laurels.

I had wondered off and on in the meantime why the alderman had not returned or sent for his hat, and why his anxiety about that one thousand one hundred pounds cheque had died away. I still wondered in my diggings as I toyed with the hat, and asked myself questions associated with the old gentleman and Elsie; and thus toying, lo! I drew out from the lining of the hat a fold of paper with a pencilled line on it, and one, two, three, four crisp Bank of England notes for five hundred pounds apiece inside the paper!

A gasp or two at this discovery, and I hurried to the old gentleman with his two thousand pounds. He had several quaint habits, and I remembered now that Elsie had mentioned this one of carrying light treasures in his hat. But *what* could have happened to him in such circumstances? Something alarming, at least.

It was just that. I found him in bed, groping towards the realities of life again. A Pebleton policeman had brought him home from the fire in a cab, breathless, with a congested brain and streaming with bank water. The doctor said that about his brain, and they had kept him as silent as a tomb until now, when he had begun to insist that he was well and yearned for just the comfort I alone could give him.

"Oh Tom," cried Elsie, rushing downstairs to me in the hall, "*you* have his hat! That's what he is worrying about. Wait, dear."

I heard a husky "Ah!" of relief in the alderman's deep voice above, and waited. And then Elsie beckoned from the stairhead, and I followed his hat into the alderman's presence.

He seemed very feeble, but was surprisingly grateful also. "Thank you, Mr. Westcott," he whispered. The four

bank-notes were already on his pillow. "You were aware of these?" he asked, touching them.

"I chanced upon them, sir," I said.

He whispered a needless explanation of them. They represented a cash transaction that morning for some property. He was taking them to his own bank, the United Midland, with the one thousand one hundred pounds cheque on us, when the scene at Farracombe's disturbed his mind's balance. He didn't say this in exact words, but we understood, Elsie and I, on opposite sides of the bed. We exchanged glances.

"What possessed me to think Farracombe's could be shaky?" he asked suddenly.

"I can't say, sir," said I, "but many thought the same. Of course it's all nonsense, and we shall be all right tomorrow."

"Ah! And that fire?"

"It was the saving of us," I exclaimed, with cheek that I ought to have been ashamed of, yet was not. Elsie's face and eyes at the other side of the bed were an inspiration. Besides, I did but echo the opinion of Mr. Bernard and Mr. Sampson, sharper heads than mine. "It gave us a rest, you see, sir."

"Ah!" He perceived that also. "A fortunate thing for Farracombe's!" he murmured. "Nothing could have been more so—nothing. Your appliances for—for such emergencies are very powerful indeed. I was struck"—

Whether he was more struck by them in the abstract or the concrete he was not permitted to say.

Elsie intervened. "That will do, papa!" she said. "You are both tired. You don't know how hard he has been working all to-day, papa. Dr. Helmsley says everyone is taking about it. And he says, too, that you must be kept quiet, dear.—Say 'Good-night' to papa, Tom."

I said it, with hidden emotions, after a look at Elsie which—well, it told me, among better things, that the weaker sex, as they are called, are often a mighty lot stronger and more determined than we are.

"We must obey orders, I suppose," said the alderman, with a faint and not unpleasing smile. He showed no surprise at the "Tom." "Good-night, Mr. Westcott," he added, smiling from his pillows.

I expect if he had given me his hand to shake in that moment I should have made him yell. That's how I felt towards him, for his own as well as Elsie's sake. But he drew his hands under the blankets, and Elsie tucked him up tenderly. She slipped those bank-notes beneath his pillow, and his slight nod showed that she did right in that also.

She followed me downstairs, and we embraced in the dining-room.

"I'm so glad *you* brought it, dear," she said, with her little hands on my shoulders—"so very glad, Tom."

She had to explain that the "it" was the hat. I wasn't thinking of hats, bank-notes, or even fathers just then. Not likely, with Elsie's eyes smiling at me with such sweet confidence.

"You must go home and to bed, Tom, now," she went on. "Dr. Helmsley says there's nothing to be seriously alarmed about in papa."

"I hope not indeed," said I very earnestly.

"I'm sure there's not," she said. And then she whispered, "He'll *really* like you now, dear. I think he began to try last night; but when he remembers to-day, and all you've done, he can't help himself. Tom, I'm so proud of you, dear."

You may guess if I was proud of myself as I clasped her to me.

"But"—the riddle clamored for an answer, and I sought it while we went hand-in-hand to the door—"what

makes you think he began to like me last night, Elsie?"

"Began to *try*, I said, Tom," she replied. "Oh, because I told him he would have to, dear. There! That's quite enough for you. Men are very easy to manage, if you go about it the right way."

It was a splendid ending to a day that opened pretty badly, wasn't it?

I've had a lot of scruples since then as to what the alderman will say when he learns the truth of the fire. It's generally known now, and I'm rather tired of being ragged and praised for it across the counter and everywhere. But it hasn't reached the alderman's ears, because Elsie is keeping him quiet at Torquay for a month. *Elsie* knows. "How naughty of you!" she said when I told her. But she is sure the alderman will forgive me even that when he realizes what physical marvels a month's rest has done for him. Dr. Helmsley says it will give him a fresh lease of life, and he'll like that too.

There's something else he'll like. The board meeting is just over, and I have had the pleasure of shaking hands again with Mr. Sampson, old Mr. Barron, middle-aged Mr. Farracombe from London, and sharp-nosed, little Miss Mortimer. They were very decent to me, all of them. And then came the most decent thing of all. Mr. Bernard beckoned me into his room—where the fire was—and told me this: "I am delighted to inform you, Westcott, that we have unanimously decided to acknowledge your services last Wednesday in a way that I hope you will appreciate. The sum of five-hundred pounds has been allotted to you from Profit and Loss Account. I am making the transfer note at once."

I couldn't do much more than say,

"Thank you, sir," press his hand, and think of Elsie.

Chambers's Journal.

But it's bound to have an effect on the old alderman also.

C. Edwardes.

THE SHADOW LAND OF BOOKS.

"Attend regularly?" said the cloak-room attendant at the Reading Room of the British Museum. "Some of them live here."

Over those of us whose lives are spent in the atmosphere beneath the great dome, always a little misty as the day passes into afternoon, the sneers of superior people have little power. Carlyle had a story that madmen were sent here to turn over books and save their keepers trouble, but how many of the great ones of the Republic of Letters have been arraigned for this same madness! Grant Allen complained bitterly of the dirt and dinginess which hang round our National Museum, but what have light and color, what have blue skies and clear air to do with books?

In truth we live in a world of our own—our rulers the Olympians who sit in the inner circle and struggle bravely with students whose erudition has outrun their *savoir faire*; our servants the carriers of books who, with compassionate air, return our slip (craving the one essential book) with the inexorable "In use;" our companions the old ladies whose daily sustenance is made up of a volume of Domesday for solid fare and a novel of Miss Marie Corelli for *entremet*, the dusky students wrestling with Gibbon (why always Gibbon?), a representative of a ladies' paper deep in the mysteries of Burke or Dehrett, a nun studying some old record of her faith, a clergyman delving into the pages of diocesan visitations. Some of us have taken on the outer likeness of the old books we read—a little musty, a little ragged, a little aloof from life as it is understood in the great roaring world without. So that our neighbor

does not encroach on our space with his mighty pile of tomes, we heed him not. Are we not busy with that book which is to take the world by storm?—adding, hour by hour, to that mass of knowledge which is to be compressed some day for all the students of all the ages.

Yet there is a bookman's tragedy in the atmosphere of the Reading Room. Oh the brave hour when first the coveted ticket comes to us; the careful drawing-up of time-tables, the list, ever lengthening, of "authorities"; the passing from the roar of Holborn; the dingy street; the dark precincts; the very pigeons murmuring peace. The heart beats a little faster as, with a gait a little self-conscious, a little priggish, we make our way past Cerberus at the door and enter the dim Republic of Books. How eagerly we get to work on the catalogues and settle down with all these stately volumes at command! The giants are our servants now. One brilliant paragraph shall dispose of the long researches of this old scholar, another shall solve the problem that has baffled those sages of a thousand years. We are young; we are strong; the gates of knowledge are open; we too will win an honored place.

Time passes quickly in the Reading Room. Hours grow to days, days fade into years, and "youth's sweet scented manuscript" is still virgin. Long ago the task that seemed so clear and definite lost its outlines and became part of this shadow land of books. The mere assumption that all books are at our command is a snare. In one of our authorities is a reference, unimportant enough, to some other book. We stray

from the path, promising ourselves a quick return, to read that other book which suggests others and yet others in an endless chain. To-morrow we will return to our task, but to-morrow finds us "with yesterday's sev'n thousand years" far out of our track. Yet we are not unhappy. Now and then perhaps we feel a twinge as when the man who sat next to us for a week (or was it a year?) published the book which we had meant to write. But this is transitory. We tell ourselves that X's work is superficial; there is still room for the *Magnum Opus* which we shall finish next year or the year after—or some day. Meanwhile we will spend the morning turning over Horace Walpole's Letters; we feel that our style wants lightness.

But the day is only half the life of the Reading Room. It must be a strange place in the long night hours. Does Aristophanes jostle the great tragedian on the shelves and whisper his coarse pleasantries? Do the stalwarts of the "Edinburgh" wrangle as of old with their neighbors of the "Quarterly"? Does Robert Montgomery cry out in death as in life to be rid of Macaulay? Beneath the clock Lamb stutters over these estimates of man's place in posterity, interpolating some quip and sending billows of ghostly laughter upwards to the dome. Do they quarrel still as of yore? Is Hazlitt's rancor forgotten? Has De Quincey done penance to Wordsworth? Burke is perhaps reconciled with Fox; but Miss Strickland trembles before the haughty Queen and Junius stalks alone. Lamb sniffs a little daintily at certain *Biblia Abiblia* upon the shelves. Bacon is debating a question of philosophy with Aristotle and Kant, till Shakespeare calls him away to laugh over some new-found ingenuity of the Baconians. Sophocles is discussing Tragedy with Addison; Rabelais is

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telling stories to Butler; Sidney and Spenser are in high debate with Swinburne and Catullus; FitzGerald is explaining his version of the "Rubaiyat" to a puzzled Persian poet; old Hakluyt is poring over a map of modern London; while Drake and Hawkins are puzzling over a "Dreadnought" diagram. How eagerly Stow is reading in the pages of Besant's "London;" and Pepys (his eye a-slant in hope that his dear Lady Castlemaine may have found a corner here) turns over the volumes of the Royal Society with Evelyn at his side.

And we who aspire to find a place here should beware how we deal with these old warriors. If we set down aught in malice, if we are false or uncharitable, our time will come. Far away in the future will be a night when the shadows gather in the dome, when from somewhere in the dimness a clear voice rings forth, "All out"; then the books that we have written shall be taken from the shelves. Finch, of the silver voice, shall read what we have set down in malice, and we, with naught to cover our nakedness, will stand shivering while from the inner circle Brougham arraigns us. In our defending counsel we have little hope. It is Francis, his tongue steeped in gall, who, seeming to defend us, yet magnifies our offence. The speeches are over; the jury considers its verdict. There are some for mercy. Lamb is pitiful; Addison, though he will not speak, ranges himself with Lamb; Warburton and Hurd, bully and sneak, are on the other side. The issue is in doubt till there booms forth a voice over-mastering the others: "Sir, this will not do; the fellow is a rascal, sir," and our fate is sealed. Campbell pronounces sentence, and in the custody of Jeffreys himself we pass to our doom.

E. H. Tristan.

FASHIONS IN CHILDREN.

"I have never really cared for the very good ones," said a woman who had been for many years at the head of a well-known girl's school. The present writer, to whom the confession was made, saw in it a sign of the times. By "very good" the speaker meant tame, "wise-like" children, the sort of children who are not the fashion just now, for there are fashions in children just as there are fashions in character and fashions even in faces. Nowadays it is required of children that they should be "natural." By which we do not mean that they should all act in accordance with their own individual nature, but in accordance with the kind of nature most approved at the present moment. Ideals of beauty, both moral and physical, shift a little. Not so very long ago strongly marked features were greatly admired even in women. The beauty of Jewesses was extolled. Nowadays it is not so. On the other hand, marked characters are greatly admired even in extreme youth. Strong predilections, definite purpose, the temperament which does not easily yield, is exalted to-day. Receptiveness is at a discount. We want the character calculated to make an impression, not the character formed to receive one. Past fashions, however, linger in stereotyped phrases. We still call the receptive child "very good."

Normal parents set their hearts upon their children, and they look for in them, cultivate in them, imagine in them, and sometimes even insist that their children should affect, those qualities which are at the moment considered to be pre-eminently desirable. Courage, frankness, cheerfulness, and a strong will are now the fashionable virtues, and the defects which often accompany these mental features are regarded as endearing, negligible, or un-

avoidable, according to the degree of affection entertained by the critic for the child. Courage, high spirits, and will-power often make children rather "difficult." Delight in these qualities would seem at first sight to be a new and beautiful exhibition of unselfish parental affection, for wilfulness is inconvenient, and requires patience and self-suppression in parents and guardians. Other causes, however, are at work to make these qualities popular. Parents were just as affectionate as they are now when a different type of child came to the front. The qualities which are the most serviceable are fostered in each generation. Ambition is in the air: the race begins early, so far as boys are concerned; and a girl, unless she is to risk the insignificance which so often means failure, must be able to hold her own. It is obviously impossible that all the girls of the middle and upper middle classes should marry—there are not men enough to go round. It is at the same time widely believed, and it is roughly speaking true, that a woman who has neither a husband nor a profession is unhappy. Her success in any sphere depends, so far as it depends upon anything but chance and looks and talent, upon her significance, and there is no doubt that what our schoolmistress meant by "very good" little girls tend to grow up insignificant. They make no impression at all at first sight, and are consequently overlooked.

We are always being told with a sigh that "boys have their way to make," and the saying was never so true as it is now. It is often pointed out as a misfortune to the poor that childhood is shortened for them by the necessity for work. Among the poor, quite little boys are "wage-earners:" often they earn something before they

leave school. In our class we contentedly say this is not so. But is this quite the case? How many preparatory-school masters know that their success in life depends upon the number of boys whom they can prepare between nine and thirteen to be self-supporting—by means of scholarships? Of course, there are not a great number of scholarships to be had, but "they that run a race run all," and it is energy, determination, resource, ability to answer to the spur of emulation far more often than born bookishness which receives the prize. Parents, schoolmasters, and admirals, not to speak of high-school mistresses, all work together to force forward these traits. Of course, the rich—as a class—and the great—as a class—do not want their sons to earn their school fees, but they want them to succeed in that department of education which requires much the same qualities—organized games.

A somewhat sad generation tends to exaggerate the gift of high spirits. The obviously thoughtful child is out of date. Half the literature produced for children is intended solely to cultivate mirth. Letterpress and illustrations alike are designed for nothing else, so greatly do we grown-up people enjoy the sight of merriment. The gayest children are the best liked. Children quickly realize what is expected of them, and recognize, perhaps unconsciously, that overflowing mirth is a cause of approbation and will cover a multitude of failings. Again, this is the age of nonsense. It is a sign perhaps that the public brain is overwrought, but we even like our moralists to do up their wares in a nonsensical form. It rests the mind of the calculating parent to encourage the natural inconsequence of children. Children, too, are forced to work, and nonsense is a natural expression of mental reaction. Anyhow, a torrent of non-

sense which was regarded as an intolerable bore and vigorously snubbed is now welcomed with a smile, encouraged, and constantly sifted by thoughtful listeners with a view to finding, what is not infrequently to be found in this outpouring of lively rubbish, a few glittering and shining fragments of philosophy of a profundity hardly to be accounted for. It is as a rule the child who talks the most nonsense who says the things best worth hearing. We do not mean the funniest things. Only few children are humorous in any true sense, and those that are are quiet children and stand in the background among the "very good" who are not so much made of.

Frankness, in so far as it is opposed to deceit, is a cardinal virtue, but the frankness which is regarded as so attractive to-day is not merely the opposite of deceit; it is that absolute want of reserve which is supposed to prove a courageous nature and a kind home. It is very sad to see a child afraid of its parents, a sight full of menace to them if they only knew it; but there is a frankness which strikes old-fashioned people as a little un-English, especially where religious matters are concerned. The Americans began the fashion for innocent profanity, and though we are not among those unconsciously irreverent persons who imagine that the tongues of infants can offend the ears of the Almighty, we do think it is a pity to offend the ears of the graver grown-up people. That the children of to-day sometimes give pain by their frankness is true. Have we not all winced at times? But the *camaraderie* of the child at present in fashion is a great set-off to this easily exaggerated disadvantage.

The very essence of fashion is that it should change, and the very essence of human nature is that it does not. There have always been plenty of children like those whom we delight in to-

day, and there are still plenty of these whom our fathers delighted in yesterday. The little girl who is seen and not heard still lives, still dreams, still walks among fancies. She will be the fashion again when suffragettes have ceased to be either heard or seen. There is a great deal to be said for the reserved child, even if some timidity enters into his or her composition. There is a sympathy which is the gift of the receptive nature, the treasure

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of the "very good" child. It does not go with great strength of will, nor with very high spirits, nor with strong passions, nor with the disposition called "interesting." The sensible children to whom comicality is a bore, shyness a pain, extreme high spirits an impossibility, and sympathy a reality, exist in as great numbers as ever. They have had a long day. It is over, but they will have another.

WHY LONDON?

[Thoughts on the selection (popularly regarded as flattering to us) of England's capital as the meeting-place of the Peace Conference.]

Not in Berlin, where night by night the *Kaiser*
Sleeps in his "shining armor" *pie-à-cap*;

Not in Vienna, where the mobilizer

Calls up his levies to the war-drum's tap;

Not in St. Petersburg, where, should he need 'em,

Each for his *Tsar* knows how to hold the gate;

Nor yet in Paris, city of light and freedom,

Where all men serve the State;

But here in England's capital, which tenders

Every attraction as a Peace resort,

Here, where our starved and stinted home-defenders

Good fellows all, are fifty-thousand short;

Where *Seely* hopes to start his six-months' training

Soon as the foe sets foot upon our shore,

Untroubled by the dearth of Turks remaining

After an eight-weeks' war;—

Here shall the delegates pursue their pure hope

With none to hamper their pacific wits,

No military ardor (as in Europe)

To ruffle their digestions at the Ritz;

Here they shall parcel out their well-earned plunder—

To this the lean, to this the juicier fat

Nor pause to ask: "Our English hosts—we wonder

What they will say to that?"

Was this the thought that fixed the choice of *Ferdy*—

That England lies outside the lethal belt,

Her voice as harmless as a hurdy-gurdy

For lack of fighting force to make it felt?

On Opprobrious Epithets.

A race whose right to speak grows daily sorrier
 As the old love of country wanes and wanes,
 While he who warns them, he their veteran warrior,
 Gets laughter for his pains?

Not yet, I hope; not yet the ancient glory
 Which is the heritage our fathers won—
 Not yet the name that filled the old world's story
 Has lost its pride of place within the sun;
 Not yet, I think, has apathy's high treason
 Docked us of all our dear ancestral dower,
 Not yet they patronize us for the reason
 That we're a Lesser Power.

But soon, in this red rivalry of nations,
 Where threat of armed might alone avails,
 Where in diplomacy's deliberations
 The sword decides the balance of the scales—
 Too soon, if still in snug repose we slumber,
 Moulting the wings that once were swift to mount,
 The rest will treat us as a closed back-number,
 A land that doesn't count.

Punch.

Owen Seaman.

ON OPPROBRIOUS EPITHETS.

It was in the early age of more active and vigorous rebellion, before one had begun to see the advantage of bowing to the storm, and trying to reach one's ends by subtler means, that sheer terms of abuse bulked largely in the vocabulary of the nursery. In truth I think we must have been a desperate team to drive. When I remember the ever-present resentment with which we regarded all necessary instructions, and still more the lurid terms in which it was expressed, I am inclined to marvel at the whole-hearted and thorough-going methods of the barbarous age of boyhood. The under-nurse of the moment was one's prime adversary. Only at times of overpowering exasperation did one turn upon the head-nurse, and one was apt to regret it afterwards, for she had "a way with her" that somehow lifted her above the

level of attack. But every new under-nurse must be made to feel at the outset that you would go to bed when it suited your convenience and not before, that you would come out of your bath when in your own opinion the proper moment had arrived, and your exit would not be hastened by any new method she might adopt of holding an expectant towel. She would drive you forth of course after a time—having first of all counted twenty, then fifty, and then a hundred without result—by application of the cold tap: but then you told her what you thought of her.

Swearing was known to be one of the most deadly of sins, and therefore held in awe. That was forbidden ground on which one would never dare to trespass. But a difficulty was continually arising as to the definition of

what was swearing. It was a subject frequently and earnestly debated, especially when a splendid new word or expression had become our common property. Was it swearing or not? The trouble was that it was no use going for information to Grown-up Persons, who alone would be likely to know, for one would be told that whether it was swearing or not it was "not a nice word for us to use"—which wasn't at all the point. For if it was not swearing, it was a sinful waste not to use it. Thus in our wordy warfare, when one or other of the combatants had stepped beyond the usual range and employed an expression of a higher flavor than was customary, his opponent had only to say "That's swearing!" to pull him up at once. It was equivalent to telling him that he wasn't playing the game. Upon which he would of course deny it, and then the original point in dispute was happily forgotten in the interesting investigation which followed. The disputed word must be submitted to a committee of experts, and we would solemnly make up our minds whether it was admissible or no. But if it was adjudged by common consent to be outside the legitimate list of expressions, its user needed no condemnation from his fellows. He would suffer from an inward remorse at the thought of the dreadful thing that he had done, howbeit all unwittingly. In truth we kept remarkably on the safe side. In the absence of an authoritative statement we were careful to draw the line in such a way that there could be no possibility of error.

One by one words lost their force and flavor by too lavish repetition. I can see now that we squandered them too freely. One was far too much given to firing off the best word in all one's armory upon a trivial occasion, instead of waiting for a situation worthy of it, where it might be expected to tell with

effect. There was of course a certain element of competition which was largely responsible for this prodigality, for I must get the best words in before my adversary had thought of them. He could not possibly retaliate in the same terms. And so, when times were dull, and no new material had been found for long, one must go on using out-worn phrases with a sort of persistent weariness. There were even occasions when one became almost courteous and restrained in one's conversation for want of new matter. Words also as a rule worked down from the higher level to the lower in the course of their brief activity. They were generally introduced by the older members, who would bring them into play with startling effect at first. But when they were taken up by those below, their original authors repudiated them after a while, till in their last most lowly estate they came to be lisped by one's little sister in her rare moments of asperity.

This was the fate of "Cad" and "Lunatic." "Outsider" had a brief and brilliant run. "Rotter" was enormously popular and even recurred, after its first long innings, in several vigorous revivals, so hardly did we come to part with it. But there was, as far as I remember, no more drastic moment than the introduction of "Blighter," used with sledge-hammer effect on the occasion of an altercation as to who it was who had first seen a penny on the road. Even the penny was forgotten in the general rejoicing at this magnificent acquisition. But its course was brief. A strong suspicion grew up that it was Swearing; and though it was upon the tip of one's tongue a thousand times thereafter, it was never again hurled forth in all its glory. "Half-wit" was invented or discovered by myself, and in consequence I always had a peculiar weakness for it. Perhaps I have still. It was not,

like so many of its compeers, adapted to a sudden shout of anger. But it would be driven home with enormous effect by the hammer of a scathing scorn.

Then there were the various places that you could be told to go to. So valuable was this form, in the traffic of every-day intercourse, that it was never wholly allowed to drop, although the victim's destination was continually being altered and revised. The difficulty was to handle it without encroaching upon the forbidden territory of Swearing, for there are places that one is told to go to, even in after-life, that had to be avoided. But you were freely told to go to Jericho, or to go to Portobello. Best of all you could be told to go to Blazes—which was felt to be sailing very near the wind, by the way.

The entire traffic in abuse had thus its artistic side, if one may call it so, which perhaps did something to redeem it. It was an exercise in self-expression. It was not enough to revile in any terms that came to hand. They must be fresh and vigorous or they went for nothing. One had perhaps picked up a brand-new insult from a book or in a tramway car, and one would dwell upon it earnestly in private, trying to assess its value, to foresee its effect. The moment came at last when it was launched into the world, not without some nervousness on the part of its introducer. For he must watch its effect in two separate

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directions; first upon his opponent—would it make him squirm?—secondly upon the company at large—would it be received, admired, adopted? The latter was much the more important question. If it was introduced by a younger brother especially, he would await the issue with anxiety. And were he to hear it later on upon the lips of an elder, with what fine pride he would reflect that it was his!

I had been out to tea—surely it must have been very early in my criminal career—and there had heard a new and glorious word, carrying much rude force, and splendidly adapted, so it seemed to me, for use on the new under-nurse. But when I was taken off to bed—obviously the proper moment for its first appearance—I could by no means remember it! Long and deeply did I ponder, during the process of undressing and in my bath. It was not "Beast" and yet it was allied to "Beast." I was so "good" that night that not even twenty had to be counted ere I gave myself up to the towel. But the truth was I was deep in thought, trying with all my powers to recapture my lost treasure. I had actually reached the night nursery before it came to me. I was in the very act of being congratulated upon my model behavior. There could have been no more dramatic moment to test its quality. I sprang across the room, turned upon my unfortunate conductor, "You Brute!" I shouted, and tumbled into bed.

Bertram Smith.

THE PANAMA CANAL ACT.

The second British protest against the Panama Canal Act has been presented by Mr. Bryce in Washington. The argument is clear and convincing, and the temper admirable. The form and manner of the whole protest are

indeed exactly what they ought to be in negotiations with people whom we like and esteem. Sir Edward Grey has understated rather than overstated his case, which is always a wise course when one has unanswerable argu-

ments and is treating with a friend. We have the liveliest expectation that the protest will make a genuine impression in the United States, and our belief that a settlement will be quickly reached is increased by the fact that, so far as we know, Dr. Woodrow Wilson has not publicly committed himself to any definite opinion on the justice of the Canal Act. With Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt it is otherwise. Moreover, we must not forget that many of the ablest American jurists and public men, like Mr. Root—men whose high patriotism and integrity are universally admitted—are sincerely convinced of the justice of the British claim. The reasonableness of Sir Edward Grey's protest is also acknowledged in advance by a large proportion of the most reputable American newspapers. We should not, indeed, feel justified in using language half as strong about the Panama Canal Act as has been used by many American newspapers.

We have several times set forth the British case, but may briefly do so again. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850 forbade both Great Britain and the United States to acquire any territory or special advantages in the American Isthmus. If this treaty had held good it obviously would have been impossible for the United States to build the canal. But in order to set the United States free the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was concluded in 1901. Under this treaty the United States was authorized to acquire territory and to build and control the canal, but it was stipulated that the canal should be open to the commerce of "all nations" on equal terms. This obviously meant that there should be no discrimination in favor of American shipping, otherwise Great Britain would have surrendered the safeguards of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty to no purpose. She would have given something for nothing. Now,

the Panama Canal Act does discriminate in favor of American shipping. It expressly makes it possible to remit the canal dues in the case of American coastwise traffic. What is the American defence of this discrimination? Mr. Taft has asserted that "all nations" does not include the United States itself, arguing that as American coastwise trade is a monopoly it is impossible to say that there is discrimination against other nations in trade in which they do not and cannot take part. The equality of all nations, he says (meaning foreign nations), is in fact secured by the Act. Sir Edward Grey replies that the phrase "all nations" was clearly intended to include the United States, and that is the only natural sense of the phrase. The history of the negotiations which we have sketched proves this to be so. And if we are not mistaken there is a further very important proof. When the original canal treaty was passing through the Senate it was proposed that American coastwise shipping should be exempted from tolls (thus showing that the Senate then interpreted the treaty as we interpret it now), but the amendment was defeated. Indeed, Mr. Hay himself said that the conditions of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty were assented to by the United States "as a consideration for getting rid of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty." In all respects in which new conditions were not defined it was agreed that the sense of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty should hold good. Clause 8 of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty says in precise language that British and United States ships shall have equal treatment.

The "monopoly" argument of Mr. Taft has a certain legal plausibility, but it will not bear examination for a moment. It is an indisputable economic fact that if the tolls are remitted in the case of American coast-

wise traffic the cost of maintaining the canal will fall more heavily on foreign shipping than on American shipping, and this is exactly what the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was framed to prevent. Mr. Taft assumed in his argument that Great Britain wished to prevent the United States from granting subsidies to its own shipping passing through the canal. But this was not so. Sir Edward Grey has never said a word in the sense of denying the abstract right of the United States to subsidize its shipping at its own cost if it thinks fit. All he said was that under the treaty it could not be subsidized in such a way that the cost of running the canal would be higher for British ships than for American ships. Again, Mr. Taft argued that the phrase "all nations" could not rationally include the United States, because it was unthinkable that in war-time the United States should not use the canal, which is in American territory, to the detriment of some other nation, for revictualling its men-of-war or landing troops. The answer of course is that in 1901 the Panama zone did not belong to the United States, and that when it was annexed the British Government never dreamt of disputing the right of the United States to exercise belligerent rights for its protection. This has been most freely admitted by us. But it is a different question altogether from that of remitting tolls or granting subsidies to American ships in such a manner that the cost of maintaining the canal would be raised for foreign ships. Mr. Taft's latest argument about subsidies was in effect this: "If you admit, as you now say you do, my right to grant subsidies to shipping—and you could not very well deny it as you have got the same right yourselves—I am free to grant a subsidy exactly equal in amount to the toll which each ship pays in passing through the canal.

Then why not save all the trouble of this circuitous procedure and simply remit the toll straight off? It all comes to the same thing in the end. A 'subsidy' is merely the equivalent of remitting the toll." The answer of Sir Edward Grey to that is: "If the United States exempts certain classes of ships from the payment of tolls, the result would be a form of subsidy to those vessels which his Majesty's Government consider the United States are debarred by the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty from making." In other words, there are subsidies and subsidies. There are those which are reconcilable with the treaty and those which are not.

There is another point. It is almost impossible to define coastwise trade. It has been held in American law that a ship which starts from one American port and ends the voyage at another American port is engaging in coastwise trade, even though she may have steamed practically round the world in the interval. The risk of unfair treatment to British shipping through an insufficient understanding of what coastwise shipping is, is so serious and so complicated that we here quote Sir Edward Grey's words:

"Coastwise trade cannot be circumscribed so completely that benefits conferred upon it will not affect vessels engaged in the foreign trade. To take an example, if cargo intended for a United States port beyond the canal, either from east or west, and shipped on board a foreign ship, could be sent to its destination more cheaply, through the operation of the proposed exemption, by being landed at a United States port before reaching the canal, and then sent on as coastwise trade, shippers would benefit by adopting this course in preference to sending the goods direct to their destination through the canal on board the foreign ship. Again, although certain privileges are granted to vessels engaged in an exclusively coastwise

trade, his Majesty's Government are given to understand that there is nothing in the laws of the United States which prevents any United States ship from combining foreign commerce with coastwise trade, and, consequently, from entering into direct competition with foreign vessels while remaining *prima facie* entitled to the privilege of free passage through the canal. Moreover, any restrictions which may be deemed to be now applicable might at any time be removed by legislation, or even, perhaps, by mere changes in the regulations."

Sir Edward Grey ends his despatch with an expression of the extreme reluctance he has felt in formulating views at variance with those of the American Government as to the canal. We shall all share in his feelings, and for the same reason. Englishmen have never watched Americans at work

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with greater admiration than during the progress of the construction of the canal. We have seen difficulty after difficulty conquered, and the date of opening continually brought nearer by some of the most brilliant engineering the world has known. We can well understand the enthusiasm of Americans, and sympathize with the pride with which they speak of "our" canal. In that sense it is unquestionably their canal. No one shares the credit with them. But we can recall no case of interpreting a treaty in which we felt more positive than we do now that the facts admit of only one interpretation. We hope, and we firmly believe, that the great event of opening the canal next year will not be marred by any remaining vestige of misunderstanding between the American nation and ourselves.

A HEAVY HUSBAND.

He was one of those who shy at the *tête-à-tête* life which for a long time matrimony demands. As his wedding-day approached he grew fearful of the prolonged conversation which would stretch from the day of marriage down the interminable vistas to his death, and, more and more, he became doubtful of his ability to cope with, or his endurance to withstand, the extraordinary debate called marriage.

He was naturally a silent man. He did not dislike conversation if it was kept within decent limits; indeed, he responded to it contentedly enough, but when he had spoken or been addressed for more than an hour he became, first impatient, then bored, and finally, sulky or ill-mannered—with men, said he, one can talk or be silent as one wishes, for between them there is a community of understanding turning the occasional silence into a

pregnant and fruitful interlude wherein a thought may keep itself warm until it is wanted; but with a woman—he could not pursue that speculation further, for his acquaintance with the strange sex was limited.

In every other respect his bride was a happiness. Her good looks soothed and pleased him. The touch of her hand gave him an extraordinary pleasure, concealing in it a yet more extraordinary excitement. Her voice, as a mere sound, enchanted him. It rippled and flowed, deepened and tinkled; it cooed and sang to him at times like the soft ringdove calling to its mate, and, at times again, it gurgled and piped like a thrush, happy in the sunlight. The infinite variation of her tone astonished and delighted him, and if it could have remained something as dexterous and impersonal as a wind, he would have been satisfied to

listen to it for ever—but could he give her pipe for pipe? Would the rich gurgle or soft coo sound at last as a horrid iteration, a mere clamor to which he must not only give an obedient heed, but must even answer from a head wherein silence had so peacefully brooded?

His mind was severe, his utterance staccato, and he had no knowledge of those conversational arts whereby nouns and verbs are amazingly transfigured into a gracious frolic or an intellectual pleasure. To snatch the chatter from its holder, toss and keep it playing in the air until another snatched it from him, to pluck a theory, hot from the stating, and expand it until it was as iridescent and, perhaps, as thin as a soap-bubble; to light up and vivify a weighty conversation until the majestic thing sparkled and glanced like a jewel—these things he could not do, and he knew it. Many a time he had sat, amazed as at an exhibition of acrobatics, while around him the chatter burst and sang and shone. He had tried to bear his part, but had never been able to edge more than one word into that tossing cataract, and so he fell to the habit of listening instead of speaking.

With some reservations, he enjoyed listening, but particularly he enjoyed listening to his own thoughts as they trod slowly, but very certainly, to foregone conclusions. Into the silent arena of his mind no impertinent chatterer could burst with a mouthful of puns or ridicule, or a reminiscence caught on the wing and hurled *à propos* to the very centre of discussion. His own means of conveying or gathering information was that whereby one person asked a question and another person answered it, and if the subject proved deeper than the assembled profundity, one pulled out the proper volume of an encyclopædia, and the pearl was elicited as with a pin.

Meanwhile, his perturbation was real. There are people to whom we need not talk—let them pass: we overlook or smile distantly at the wretches, retaining our reputation abroad and our self-respect in its this latter category a wife enters with whom we may not be silent, and into this latter category a wife enters with assured emphasis. He foresaw endless opportunities for that familiar discussion to which he was a stranger. There were breakfast tables, dinner tables, tea tables, and, between these, might be introduced those preposterous other tables which women invent for no purpose unless it be that of making talk. His own breakfast, dinner, and tea tables had been solitary ones, whereat he lounged with a newspaper propped against a lamp, or a book resting one end against the sugar bowl and the other against his plate. This quietude would be ravaged from him for ever, and that tumult nothing could exorcise or impede. Further than these he foresaw an interminable drawing-room, long walks together, and other, even more confidential and particular, sequestrations.

After one has married a lady, what does one say to her? He could not conceive anyone saying anything beyond "Good morning!" Then the other aspect arrested him: "What does a woman find to say to a man?" Perhaps safety lay in this direction, for they were reputed notable and tireless speakers to whom replies are not pressingly necessary. He looked upon his sweetheart as from a distance, and tried to reconstruct her recent conversations. He was amazed at the little he could remember: "I, I, I, we, we, we, this shop, that shop, Aunt Elsa, and chocolates." She had mentioned these things on the previous day, but she did not seem to have said anything memorable about them, and, so far as he could recollect, he had said noth-

ing in reply but "Oh, yes" and "To be sure." Could he sustain a lifetime of small-talk on these meagre responses? He saw in desperate vision his miserable tea-table—a timid husband and a mad wife glaring down their noses at plates. The picture leaped at him as from a cinematograph, and appalled him. After a time they would not even dare to look at each other. Hatred would crouch behind those figures waiting for its chain to be loosed.

So he came to the knowledge that he, so soon to be a married man, had been carefully fashioned by Nature to be a bachelor. For him safety lay in solitude; others, less rigorously planned, might venture safely into the haphazard, gregarious state of wedlock; but he not only could not, but must not, do so, and he meditated an appeal to his bride to release him from the contract. Several times the meditation almost became audible, but always, just as he toppled on the surge of speech, the dear lady loosed a torrent of irrelevancies which swirled him from all anchorage and left him at the last stranded so distantly from his thought that he did not know how to find his way back to it. It would be too brutally direct to shatter information about silk at one shilling the yard with a prayer for matrimonial freedom. The girl would be shocked—he could see her—she would stare at him and suddenly grow red in the face and stammer, and he would be forced to trail through a lengthy, precise explanation of this matter which was not at all precise to himself. Furthermore, certain obscure emotions rendered him unwilling to be sundered from this girl—there was the touch of her hand, more, the touch of her lips given bravely and with ready modesty, a contact not lightly to be relinquished. He did not believe he could ever weary of looking at her eyes; they were grey,

widely open, and of a kindness such as he could not disbelieve in, a radiant cordiality, a soft limpid goodwill, believing and trustful eyes which held no guile when they looked at him. There were her movements, her swiftness, spaciousness, her buoyant certainty. One remembered her hair, her hands, the way she wore a dress, and a strange, seductive something about the look of her shoe.

The thing was not possible. It is the last and darkest insult to tell the woman who loves you that you do not wish to marry her. Her indignant curiosity may be appeased only by the excuse that you like some other woman better, and although she may hate the explanation she will understand it; but no other less legitimate excuse than this may pass sunderingly between a man and a woman.

It lay, therefore, that he must amend his own hand, and, accordingly, for the purpose of intercourse, he began a sad inquiry into the nature of things. The world was so full of things: clouds and winds and sewing machines, kings and brigands, hats and heads, flowerpots, jam, and public-houses—surely one could find a little to chat about at any moment if one were not ambitiously particular. With inanimate objects one could speak of shape, and color, and usefulness. Animate objects had, besides these, movement and aptitudes for eating and drinking. Artistic things were well or badly executed, and were also capable of an inter-comparison which could not but be interesting and lengthy. These things could all be talked about. There were positive and negative qualities attaching to everything, and when the former was exhausted the latter could still be profitably mined. Order, said he, subsists in everything, and even conversation must be subject to laws capable of ascertainment.

He carefully, and under the terms

of badinage, approached other men, inquiring how they bore themselves in the matrimonial dispute, and what were the subjects usually spoken of in the intimacies of family life, but from these people he received little assistance. Some were ribald, some jocose, some so darkly explanatory that intelligence could not peer through the mist. One man held that all domestic matters should be left entirely to the wife and that talking was a domestic matter. Another said that the words "yes" and "no" and "why" would safeguard a man through any labyrinth, however tortuous. Another said that he always went out when his wife began to speak; and yet another suggested that the only possible basis for conversation was that of perpetual opposition, where an affirmation was always countered by a denial, and the proving of the case exercised both time and intelligence.

The Nation.

* * * * *

As he sat in the train beside his wife the silence which he so dreaded came upon them. Emptiness buzzed in his head. He sought diligently for something to speak about—the characteristics of objects! There were objects and to spare, but he could not say "that window is square, it is made of glass," or "the roof of this carriage is flat, it is made of wood." Suddenly his wife buried her face in her muff, and her shoulders were convulsed. . . .

Love and contrition possessed him on the instant. He eased his husky throat and the dreaded, interminable conversation began—

"What are you crying for, my dear?" said he.

Her voice replied, smothered by the fur—

"I am not crying, darling," said she, "I am only laughing."

James Stephens.

THE COST OF THE WAR.

Some weeks ago we published in these columns an estimate of the cost of the war, based on the number of combatants in the field, on the probable cost of maintaining each soldier, and on the value of the property destroyed. Taking the total number of men in the field at 1,100,000, and the average cost per man at 10s per day, the monthly cost worked out at some 16½ millions. This excluded all allowance for losses to the future productivity of the countries concerned as a result of the lives lost. A more accurate knowledge of the number of men engaged in the war enables us to revise our figures.

Montenegro began hostilities on October 8th, while Turkey declared war against Serbia and Bulgaria on October 17th. Up to the time when the

armistice was signed, therefore, on December 3rd, Montenegro had been at war for 56 days and Bulgaria and Serbia for 47 days. Greece has not signed the armistice, and has now been at war for 64 days; while Turkey has been fighting with one or more of the combatants for 74 days. For 26 days, however, she was faced by only one opponent, and for purposes of comparison we must therefore reduce the period of full war expenditure, since her whole army was not engaged against Greece or Montenegro. It will perhaps be fair to allow Turkey 64 full days. It appears also that our former estimate of the number of combatants must be changed in one or two cases. Greece, according to an Athens correspondent, whose letter we publish in another column, has now as many as

200,000 men in the field; and though she has not had so large a number at her disposal throughout the war, we shall put her average strength for the whole period at 150,000 men. Her strength has proved very much greater than was expected at the beginning of the war. The estimates for Servia and Bulgaria of 200,000 and 300,000 men may perhaps stand, though the military correspondent of the *Morning Post* a short time ago reckoned that there were then more than 320,000 Bulgarian soldiers actually on Turkish soil. As regards the Turkish forces, it is believed that the Western army, excluding second-class Redifs and Albanian irregulars, numbered between 130,000 and 160,000 men at the beginning of the war. The Eastern army was put at over 150,000, with further troops rapidly coming in from Asia Minor. In spite of the enormous losses which the Eastern army sustained at Kirk Killisse and Lule Burgas, and the ravages of cholera, Reshid Pasha stated a short time ago that there were 170,000 men in the Chatalja lines, amply provided with ammunition, and that the number was growing daily greater. Probably we shall not be far from the mark if we put the average number of Turkish troops, including those captured, killed, or disabled, at 400,000. Our estimate of the cost of the war, excluding the expense of mobilization and upkeep after the armistice had been signed, works out, therefore, in this wise:—

	Men.	Days of Actual War.	Expenditure per Day. £
Bulgaria . . .	300,000	47	7,050,000
Servia . . .	200,000	47	4,700,000
Greece . . .	150,000	64	4,800,000
Montenegro . .	40,000	95	1,150,000
Turkey . . .	400,000	64*	12,800,000
Total . . .	1,090,000		30,470,000

* This figure represents an assumed number of days' actual war expenditure.

As regards the individual figures of expenditure, we may note that already

a month ago Bulgaria was stated to have negotiated a loan provisionally for 180 million francs, or £7 million, while Treasury bills were being floated as freely as possible by Servia and Turkey. According to Sir Adam Block's report on the Ottoman Debt, the Turkish deficit instead of being £13½ millions was in November more like £117 million. Part of this was owing to the Italian war, but the figure is stated to include a new credit of £76,500,000 for the present war. Roughly, it is probable that some 30 millions sterling have been lost during the actual fighting, and that without reckoning in the maimed and the dead. We should fear that Bulgaria must have lost in this way at least 50,000 of its manhood and Turkey perhaps 100,000. If the costs of mobilization and the expenses which run on during the armistice were added, the actual financial deficits, caused by the war to the five States might run up already to 35 millions. But even this huge figure does not give a comprehensive view of the whole financial cost entailed by the war. In Bulgaria and Servia the moratoria have been prolonged. We should like to know how many millions have been paid out by Austria and Russia to meet the partial mobilizations on which they have embarked. According to our Vienna correspondent, partial mobilization in Austria-Hungary is costing the country about £50,000 per day above the normal expenses for the army and navy; and a vote of 12 to 16 millions sterling is to be asked for to meet this. In addition, grievous suffering is being caused to the wives and families of the men who have been called up. We suppose that a somewhat similar financial loss is being incurred by Russia. To complete the picture, we should have to take into consideration the financial cost of the credit troubles to which merchants and business men have been subjected dur-

ing the past two months. In Austria and South-Eastern Europe a disastrous slump has occurred, and business failures have become exceptionally numerous. In Great Britain, and in parts of the world situated afar from the scene of hostilities, the war has caused but a slight lessening of activity, with a more marked spirit of caution. But German trade and finance is so intimately associated with Austria, that the strain is already being felt.

Throughout the world the money markets and the capital or long loan

The Economist.

markets are deeply affected. Financiers and investors must expect in the coming year public loans totalling in all perhaps 80 millions sterling to repair the losses caused by war and mobilization in the five States, as well as in Russia, Austria, and Italy. No doubt a large part of the money needed will be raised, as heretofore, by discounting Treasury Bills and short-term notes, which means that the money market will bear part of the burden which would naturally fall on the capital market.

AN AMBASSADOR TO A PEOPLE.

The post of American Ambassador to the Court of St. James—which Mr. Whitelaw Reid's sad death leaves vacant—is one of the pleasantest, and at the same time one of the most exacting, of diplomatic offices. Whoever holds it gets nearer to English life than the representative of any other country. He comes to us, or at any rate we insist on receiving him, as a kinsman, a national guest. The Mayor and Corporation of Plymouth or Southampton board his vessel in the bay, and, even before he lands, convince him that the British people have no intention of surrendering him to the Court, Whitehall, and the West End. Nothing, indeed, could well be more significant or of better omen than the semi-official, semi-popular greetings that are extended to each new American Ambassador on his arrival. They have become a custom of British public life, and a custom of which the full meaning is to be found in its singularity. Nothing like it exists anywhere else. No ambassador to this or any other nation is similarly honored. For the representative of a foreign Power to be fêted on his recall in the capital of the State to which he is accredited, is common enough. But it is not usual

to hail him at the moment of his arrival, before he has even presented his credentials, before he has given a hint of his personality or his policy. It is intended to be precisely what it is—a compliment, a distinguishing recognition on our part that Great Britain and the United States stand to one another in a special relationship such as unites no other nations on this earth, and that between them some departure from the merely official attitude is of all things the most natural. It would be against the grain of national instinct if no discrimination were made between the American and other Ambassadors. His *confrères* in the diplomatic corps stand outside all but a fraction of British life; the public knows nothing about them, and does not care to know anything; their arrivals and departures, so far from being national events, are mere incidents of society and officialdom; they are what the American Ambassador never is—they are foreigners. He alone gets behind the scenes, and is an object of interest to the people at large. Of him alone is it expected that he will be less of an official and more of a man.

But while this is as it should be,

it gives rise at times to certain perplexities and embarrassments that only an exceptional man, one whose training has been the reverse of that of the ordinary professional diplomatist, can cope with. British hospitality, as a rule, escapes the charge of exuberance. We are, indeed, rather famous for taking our guests' enjoyment for granted, for leaving them cordially alone. But in our treatment of the American Ambassador, there is sometimes a demonstrativeness that verges on the inexorable. We ask almost too much of him; we drive him too hard. There is no rest for an American Ambassador in London. He only begins to know what work is when he becomes a British public character, and he becomes that as soon as he is installed in the Embassy offices. Throughout his stay among us we presume on his knowledge of English. There must, indeed, be times when we force him to wish he spoke Basque and Basque only, and did not the faith and morals hold that Milton held. So might he live among us and possess his soul in peace—a mere man, and not an institution. But as it is, Great Britain and the American Ambassador set to forthwith to see which can entertain the other the best. We turn him into a lecturer to the nation. Educational and philosophical institutes thrust him into their presidential chairs, and exact from him an address in return. The Dante Society, the Boz Club, the Omar Khayyām Society, the Walter Scott Club, if they can secure him, will have no one else for their guest.

Things, indeed, have come to such a pass that an American Ambassador who was content to be merely an Ambassador, who could not or would not speak, who loathed public occasions, and shunned a platform, and who screened himself behind the official ramparts, would be reckoned a failure,

almost, indeed, a freak of nature. But it is partly America's own fault. She should not send us cultivated, complaisant men, triply armed with the capacity to meet our exactions. Adams, Phelps, Lowell, Hay, Choate, and Whitelaw Reid—what other Embassy in the world can show such a line of occupants? Every one of them was distinguished as a lawyer, citizen, or literary man before he became eminent as a diplomatist. Every one of them had interests and affiliations that stretched beyond protocols and despatches and official routine. Every one of them brought into British life the flavor of the best Americanism, and yet was a success in his business and bargaining hours.

Out of the remarkable succession of representatives who have held the post of American Ambassador in Great Britain, not one has held security of tenure, or any regular and recognized system of promotion, or any pension. All appointments are made by the President from men of his own party, and are liable to cease at a moment's notice when the other side comes in. Diplomacy, in fact, in American eyes is rather a diversion than a career, and many of the highest posts in the service are given to men who have had no official training, but who like to round off a successful political, professional, or business career by a new and pleasantly rich experience. This way of doing things is not without its obvious disadvantages, one of the greatest of which is that it restricts the Ambassadorships at the chief capitals to men of wealth, and brings into their bestowal a flavor of party politics. A nation with heavy and serious diplomatic responsibilities, and less immune than are the Americans from the intimate clash of international politics, probably could not afford to organize its diplomatic service on any such lines. But the

point to note is that in American hands an apparently faulty system is made to yield, so far at least as Great Britain is concerned, admirable results. The reason is that the American Ambassador in Great Britain regards himself as at least as much the Ambassador to the British people as to the British Court, and precisely because he is free from the restrictions and the professional outlook and the formalism of the regular service, he is able to reach the "man in the street," to win his regard and to hold his interest. It is to men of this type, and with this broader, fresher, and more human way of looking at their functions, that the future of diplomacy belongs. Mr. Bryce, for instance, has amply and brilliantly demonstrated that the kind of man who ought always to represent Great Britain in the United States is the kind of man who for the past two generations has represented the United States in Great Britain. There

The Nation.

is another country in which an official representative of this stamp would find unsurpassable opportunities for usefulness, and that country is Germany. A British Ambassador in Germany, approaching his duties in the same spirit in which Mr. Choate and Mr. Whitelaw Reid approached theirs in London, and Mr. Bryce his in Washington, able to hold his own in the intellectual life of the German Empire, making a point of seeing all he could of the country and its people, attending meetings, congresses, and universities, and competent to explain Great Britain to German audiences, would be an inestimable asset to the cause of Anglo-German amity. Have we ever tried to send this kind of man to Berlin? And what kind of success has attended the use of the conventional ambassadorial type? Let the recent relationship of Germany and Great Britain bear witness.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In the review of "Mornings with Masters of Art," published in *The Living Age* for November 9, through an inadvertence which escaped correction in proof, the Houghton Mifflin Company instead of The Macmillan Company were mentioned as the publishers.

Two short scenes in "the Lady Do," restrain the reader from dismissing it as a rather lurid story of a raw Western town. The delicacy of Van Lennop's talk on the fence with the "hiscuit-shooter," and the pathos of Bill Duncan's death, make one wonder why Miss Caroline Lockhart suppressed her finer faculties so completely throughout the rest of the book and deliberately gave rein instead to her unfortunate knack of describing brutal vulgarity. J. B. Lippincott Co.

A skit with satiric intent,—whether aimed at the modern teaching of children or at modern theories concerning the brains of beasts it is difficult to tell—has been written by Charles Dwight Willard (George H. Doran Co.) and called "The Fall of Ulysses." A most amusing story, indeed, of an elephant who was taught to read and write, until he became his master's superior as a thinker and demanded to be the master himself. As a last resource the worried owner tries Ulysses with Browning's "Sordello" and the elephant, attempting the test of understanding it, goes mad and commits suicide. The style is lively, the narrative consistent, and for the moment the reader almost believes the impossible tale. The author has a clever humor of his own.

In a new, attractively printed, leather-bound pocket series the Funk & Wagnalls Company publish "The Signs of the Times" an address on pressing political questions by William Jennings Bryan, together with a briefer address on "Faith" delivered at several colleges; "The Conservation of Womanhood and Childhood" an address delivered by Theodore Roosevelt in October, 1911, in New York city, under the auspices of the Civic Forum and the Child Welfare League; and three helpful and inspiring little volumes of religious appeal,—*"The Latent Energies in Life"* by Charles Reynolds Brown, Dean of the Yale Divinity School, *"The Call of Jesus to Joy"* by Dr. William Elliot Griffis, and *"The Misfortune of a World Without Pain"* by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

Norman Duncan's stories of the Labrador coast have gained so strong a hold on the imagination and feeling of his readers, that one opens his new book *"The Best of a Bad Job"* with the warmest anticipations. If regarded simply as an adventure story or an interpretation of life carried on in the grip of the sea, it would be a success. But more than that, through it runs a vein, not of sentimentality but of real emotion which must affect the most critical reader. The story is a simple one, and the hero a simple sea-man, who after a life of daring deeds made for himself the opportunity to be classed as a great man. Blind Tom Tulk is far from perfect at some points in his career, but his all-conquering purpose to "make the best of a bad job" makes him a masterful figure. Norman Duncan's pictures of the sea, and of the lives of those who wrest their living from its waters, deserve a lasting place in literature. Fleming H. Revell & Co.

Servants and ailments being topics perennially attractive to women, a

sanitarium pervaded by unceasing gossip of dangerous symptoms and unsatisfactory service furnishes Miss Mary Roberts Rinehart with an ideally good stage for her *"Where There's a Will,"* and she peoples it with admirably adapted players. The supposed narrator of the tale, red-haired Minnie, the devoted slave of a mineral spring, is as shrewd as Meg Dods, prototype of her kind, but more fortunate in the guests to whom she distributes water of evil odor sweetened with good fortune. For the little space during which these guests are shown to the reader, all of them are adventurers, even to the delightfully luckless dog, Arabella, and their irresponsible behavior gives the reader's curiosity no restraint until the very last patient has uttered his last quip. Further, the book has the rather uncommon quality of being especially well adapted for the wholesome amusement of hospital inmates and other invalids, but the lucky creatures who know illness only by rumor cannot but take pleasure in its spirited comedy. Bobbs Merrill Company.

With a dash and a swing Robert Nelson Stephens introduces his readers to the court and times of Henry III of France, and the romance *"The Sword of Bussy,"* is soon under way. Bussy d'Amboise is first gentleman to the Duke of Anjou, an expert swordsman and a famous bravo, to whom many wild deeds are attributed, many of them falsely, and who is too careless to hunt down and avenge every malicious rumor against his name. For this reason, a beautiful young girl, Heloise de Maucourt, although she loves him, seeks his life because she believes he has wronged her sister. Before the real culprit is discovered there is a deal of fighting and adventure. Bussy d'Amboise is a gallant gentleman and the embodiment of the

chivalric ideal, and acquits himself bravely. It is interesting to contrast Mr. Stephens' drawing of Bussy d'Amboise with Dumas' account of the same hero in his "La Dame de Monsoreau." This is a closely knit and rapidly moving narrative and should find a hearty welcome from lovers of the historical romance. L. C. Page and Co.

Miss Mary Johnston's "Cease Firing," is a book to make an old man young, for it will carry him back to the days when the souls of all Americans were alternately shaken by enthusiasm, or by despair, according to the news brought from the field where Kinsmen were fighting Kinsmen, in a contest sincerely believed by each of them to be righteous. As one closes the long closely-knit narrative of the years between the siege of Vicksburg, and the fall of Richmond, one seems to leave reality behind, and looks out half bewildered upon a united country in the full enjoyment of peace. As is natural Miss Johnston's sympathies are with the South, but she writes with fairness so well maintained that the men who trained the guns for Farragut, or marched to the sea with Sherman will find no fault in the tale. The generation which learns its history from Miss Johnston will not have to correct it by the light of more sober chronicles, and those who seek a love story at once brilliant, pathetic and humorous will find her at her very best in "Cease Firing." Mr. N. C. Wyeth is the painter of the four excellent pictures illustrating the book, and two carefully accurate maps will adequately serve any serious student. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Montrose J. Moses has done an interesting, but very difficult, thing in translating from Maurice Maeterlinck "On Emerson and Other Essays." The "other essays" are on Novalis and

Ruysbroek. The papers are as delightful as bewildering and the translator is worthy of praise for the skill with which he has disentangled the thought of so hazy a thinker as Maeterlinck as he thinks about so far-from-clear a thinker as Emerson or such a midnight mystic as Ruysbroek. Maeterlinck is a profound interpreter of the moods of men; what he sees he sees with acumen and sympathy; so that, though he has much criticism—especially on the lack of clearness of thought and expression—to level at his three co-transcendentalists, his quick comprehension often floods dark spots with light. Maeterlinck was never more his own wonderful self than in this book. Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Increasing Home Efficiency," by Martha Bensley Bruère and Robert W. Bruère, was originally published in various magazines carefully edited for family consumption. The book's fourteen chapters consider countless questions affecting domestic economy, directly or indirectly, and expose the fallacy of many time-honored maxims, long supposed indisputable. Nothing, from Poor Richard to Mill, is sacred to the authors, and the reader who begins any chapter believing himself safely entrenched in argument, finds his lines of defence in ruins long before he arrives at its last word. No solution of any problem is offered as final, unless the declaration "What we need most today is the domestication of business and socialization of the home" may be regarded as ultimate and it is easy to see that this implies indefinite change. The value of the book lies in its almost continuous suggestion of imperfection in existing conditions, and its stimulating and even irritating implication that it is the reader's business to make them perfect. Man is an essentially indolent animal, but such a book as this should arouse the most sluggish. The Macmillan Company.